

A MAGAZINE FOR LOVERS
OF GOOD READING

THE Liguorian

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Amongst Ourselves

This might be called a Far Eastern edition of *THE LIGUORIAN*. It gives you three inside stories of the war in the Pacific. The first is Father O'Donnell's account of life in a Japanese prison camp and of the release, a few hours before their intended execution, of a group of missionary priests and Sisters by volunteer American paratroops. The second is the account of life in a Catholic convent during the Japanese occupation of the Philippines, written by Chaplain L. G. Miller. The third is the life of a great American girl who was laboring on New Guinea when the war came, and who became one of its victims. These stories will give indications of the full meaning of the Japanese war, and sturdy inspiration to prayer that it may be speedily ended, and that when it is over, the Japanese may be won over to Christianity and civilization.

The new masthead of *THE LIGUORIAN* announces, if you noticed it, its dedication to the "unchangeable principles of truth, justice, democracy and religion, and to all that brings happiness to human beings." The word to note in that dedication is "unchangeable." We are unalterably opposed to all systems of government, morality, education and religion that are built on the sands of expediency, opportunism, shifting

emotion, unpredictable selfishness, or agnosticism. We believe that truth is solid, objective, attainable, absolute and unchanging, in any field that is important for the happiness of man. Here you will find, therefore, no intellectual fence-straddling; no dodging or side-stepping of issues raised by the necessities of truth; no fear of any evidence that leads to the truth. We are convinced that only the truth can make men free and happy, and we cordially welcome discussion from all who may think at times that we have missed the truth, or that they have new evidence of truth to offer.

To all who have commented favorably (and all the comments thus far have been favorable) on the new art work and format in *THE LIGUORIAN*, we express thanks. The format artist is William Hunn of St. Louis, who will continue to lend his expert guidance and professional skill to the beauty of *THE LIGUORIAN*. . . . Again we ask readers, in these days of shifting populations and frequent moving, to be prompt in forwarding change of address, to save us the mounting expense of paying postage on copies that are returned to us because they cannot be delivered. It also helps a great deal to have renewal subscriptions sent in early! Don't wait for your second notice.

The Liguorian

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THE *Liguorian*

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a magazine for the lovers of good reading



*Devoted to the Unchangeable Principles of Truth, Justice, Democracy and Religion,
and to All That Brings Happiness to Human Beings*

Ghost Stories

Are you afraid of ghosts? If so, read this explanation of why your fear is groundless, and how you can distinguish between a real ghost and a fake.

C. D. McEnniry

IT WAS haying time in Huggins parish. The short, light, prairie grass which had once fed herds of buffalo, was now cut and stacked by the pioneers to be used for their own stock or baled and shipped back East. It was highly prized by owners of racers of driving horses because it was free from the dust of "tame hay" which irritated the lungs of the thoroughbreds.

Tom Saunders had leased a hundred acres of original prairie land and was doing his haying on a grand scale. The two Morris boys, who served Mass on Sundays, rode the sweep horses and dragged in the hay from the "wind-rows" as fast as three or four strong men could pitch it up on the stack. Even Ruth had to turn out and drive the team on one of the mowers. Hot as it was, she took care to be thoroughly gloved and bonneted, for a coat of tan was not appreciated in the days when it was too easily acquired.

It was night. The men were sitting or lying about on the porch looking up at the stars and spinning yarns after the long day's work. Mrs. Saunders and Ruth brought out their chairs and joined them for a spell.

Despite tired muscles and the early hour at which they would have to resume work in the morning, none of the men seemed anxious to go to bed. The house or the hayloft in the barn, where they were to sleep, would still be stiflingly hot.

Father Casey, who formed one of the group, lingered after his business had been concluded. He had been offered a chance to trade in his crippled horse for one that looked like a perfect match for his long-limbed, deep-chested, tireless grey. A reliable team was a necessity for the pastor shepherding the far-flung flock of Huggins' Pastures. But all the big books on theology, which he had mastered in the seminary, gave him no rules for judging whether a sleek-coated horse might not be spavined, wind-broken or baulky. He had the good sense to come and ask Tom Saunders before closing a horse trade. And he listened to the farmer's advice with the simple docility with which his people listened to him when he spoke to them of their souls.

"There's my brother comin' back already," said Len Morris. The boy's keen hearing was the first to detect

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the quick thud, thud on the dusty road. A minute later it was clear to everybody.

"I sent Roger over to the store for a couple-pound o' tenpenny nails that I got to have early in the morning," Tom Saunders explained. "Jest listen to him. He's makin' speed. Guess he imagines he is on the fair-ground race track or somethin'."

"He's skeered. That's what's the matter with him. Roger always was afraid of ghosts," his brother chuckled.

"No wonder—he had to pass by the trapper's grave," observed Ruth. "I always get the creeps myself when I go that way at night."

"Who is the trapper? And where is his grave?" the priest inquired.

"He's a feller that used to roam these prairies trappin' skunks—so as he could skin 'em and sell the fur."

"A malodorous profession," the priest remarked.

"But they's money in it. Swell dames pay fat prices for that fur, thinkin' it's silver fox. Wouldn't they get a jolt if they knowed they was sasshayin' around in skunk skins!"

"And how come the trapper needed a grave?"

"He was bit by a skunk, got hydrophobia, went mad, and killed himself."

"No, he was killed for his money by desperadoes. They left his body in a ditch alongside the trail. Some fellers comin' along in a covered wagon saw it and piled rocks on it to keep the coyotes and the buzzards from eatin' it."

"Father Casey, the more people you ask the more different stories you will hear. The only thing we know for sure is that there is a curious-lookin' pile o' rocks in Colquitt's pasture along where the Rocky Mountain trail used to run. All the rest is guess-

work or hearsay," Tom Saunders informed him.

"And it's haunted. That's not guess-work. I seen the ghost myself," one of the workers contended.

"Ah, you'd been down to Bender's saloon, and your imagination was too frisky," Saunders teased.

"Wa-al, I will admit I had a drink or two. But I swear I was sober as a judge after what I seen on that there rock pile."

In the meantime Roger Morris had galloped up to the gate of the barn lot, slipped the bridle off the horse's head (he had not taken the trouble to saddle him for such a short ride), given him a friendly slap on the flank, and turned him loose. If the boy's face was pale when he came up to the porch the merciful darkness hid it, but his breath was coming quickly, and there was a tremor in his voice when he burst out: "I s-s-seen a ghost over the trapper's grave."

"Did you, Roger?" "Are you sure?" "What did it look like, Roger?"

"Somethin' white—'bout as big as a man—floatin' around in the air over that rock pile. I couldn't see it very good 'cause it was purty dark, and I only looked wanst, and then I whipped up Prince and rode here as hard as I could."

"You had forgotten all about the trapper's grave until you saw this thing in the air," the priest suggested.

"No, I hadn't. I was thinkin' about it all the time. So I went by quick without lookin'. And jest as I got by I glanced back to make sure there wasn't nothing there—and I seen it."

"You just thought you saw it, Roger. Almost any of us, if we were as excited as you were, would have imagined we saw something preternatural—especially if we would not

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stop and look at it steadily long enough to make sure exactly what it was. Over a swamp or any place where there is decaying vegetable matter, globes or flashes of luminous gas can form naturally. If this happens to be near a graveyard timid persons will think they see a ghost. During a storm at sea I have seen balls of fire settle on the top of the masts. Some said they were the souls of drowned sailors. As a matter of fact they were nothing but a sign that the air was highly charged with electricity. What you saw, Roger, if you really saw anything, was some natural phenomenon like that, which could do you no more harm than a katydid."

"Anyhow I was skeered," the boy admitted unblushingly.

"And all for no reason, Roger. There certainly was nothing there to be afraid of."

"But, Father Casey, supposin' it was the trapper. And it sure did look to me like it was."

"Even then why should you fear? If some night you met a man down in the draw trapping skunks, would you be frightened?"

"Not by a long shot. I'm not afraid of no man, providin' he's alive. It's the dead ones —"

"But, Roger, a dead trapper has no more power to harm you than a live one; in fact, not so much. His body has turned to dust long ago and his soul has no hands, feet, mouth, teeth, or anything else whereby he could touch you or be seen by you. A soul is a spirit: we cannot see it; it cannot touch us! And so you see there is nothing to be afraid of. You should be far more afraid of spending twenty-four hours in mortal sin than of all the ghosts in creation."

"Why is that, Father Casey?" somebody asked.

"Because by mortal sin you tear yourself away from God, your heavenly Father, and you go over to the devil. You deliberately put yourself in his power. And the devil *can* hurt you. He can hurt you as easily when you are in a crowd in the middle of the day as when you are alone in the dark."

"What you say there about dead men, Reverend, 'peals to me. A dead man ain't got no way o' getting in touch with us. They ain't no trains and no telly grafts 'tween the country where he is and the one where we are." This came from a hard-bitten old hoboe who could pitch more hay than any two men on the ranch — for a week. Then he would grow restless and be on the road again.

"But they do get in touch with us," Saunders objected. "Even if we don't believe the ghost stories we hear — and we hear plenty — we got to admit what's in the Bible. And the Bible says Moses was there on Mount Thabor talkin' with our Blessed Lord. And Moses he'd been dead a couple o' thousand years."

"Nevertheless," Father Casey replied, "what we said holds. The dead have no power of making themselves seen by us or of getting in communication with us. Their bodies are helpless as a log; they must lie where they are and rot and turn to dust. Their souls are in eternity and have no power of coming here, and even if they could come here, being spirits, they have no power of making themselves seen, heard or felt. However," he explained, "in some extraordinary cases — extraordinary, mind — God wills that a dead person should communicate something to a living person. And of

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course when God so wills He can always supply a way of doing it."

"How can we tell when it really was a case where God willed that a dead person should send us a communication?"

"By sifting the evidence — the same as when you pass judgment on any other alleged fact. For example: a highly nervous person, under stress of excitement or fear, all alone in the middle of the night, thinks he sees or hears somebody that is dead. The evidence points to a hallucination — a figment of his over-wrought imagination. No attention should be paid to it. On the other hand, a calm, level-headed man, in a moment of complete self-control, believes that he receives from the other world a message of sufficient importance to warrant Almighty God to deviate from His ordinary laws in sending it. The evidence supports the alleged fact. God has probably willed that for extremely grave reasons, a dead person should send a message to the living."

"But how can God do that?"

"He could do it in many different ways, for He is all powerful. Most likely He lets an angel form a body exactly like the body of that dead person, and then speak and act through the instrumentality of that body. An angel could do this by his ordinary power. All he needs is God's permission. When he has finished his mission, he can simply have that body dissolve back into its original elements."

"But sometimes, Father Casey, a damned soul communicates with the living. Seems kind of unbecomin' for an angel to take the form of a damned soul."

"Not if the angel himself is damned," the priest pointed out.

"Devils are fallen angels. They retain all their extraordinary power over natural elements. In the extraordinary case where God wills that a communication should come from a damned soul, he can force a devil to act as go-between."

"Are there actual cases of that kind?"

"There are; in fact, I know of one myself. A nobleman of Florence gave public scandal to the people of that city by living with a woman who was not his wife. This woman was taken away by death — a death so sudden that she did not have a moment's time for repentance. The man woke up at night to find her standing at his bedside. She was completely surrounded by smoke and flames. 'I am in hell,' she said, 'and that you may not try to convince yourself that this is merely a dream, I leave this indelible reminder.' And she laid her flaming hand on the frame of a picture. It left its impression burned deeply into the wood. This picture frame is now in the church of the Lazarist Fathers in Naples. I saw it myself. I made a thorough investigation of the evidence, and I am convinced the story is true — that that charred wood corroborated the message of a damned soul in hell. The devil was forced to form a body resembling that of the dead woman and bring this message."

"Old Father Schrofssyde," said Mrs. Saunders, "used to tell us about a priest who kept coming back after his death and walking about the room and scaring everybody. A holy monk offered to stay there and try to free the priest's house from this terror. He spent the night in prayer, and when the dead priest appeared, he said: 'I command you in God's name to state what you want.' The ghost

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replied: 'Through carelessness I left a dollar for a Mass in the book I was reading, and forgot about it. It is that book with the red binding on the second shelf. I must suffer in purgatory until that obligation is fulfilled.' The monk looked in the book, found the dollar, and had the Mass said. The dead priest never disturbed them again. I had often wondered," she added, "how that priest could appear to them, since his body had already rotted in the grave."

"Most likely it was an angel who, with God's permission, formed for himself a body resembling that of the dead priest in order to bring the message."

Mrs. Saunders had another story to contribute. "A neighbor woman (they have since moved away) let her baby die without Baptism. She didn't mean to, but she had waited too long for the uncle to come and be godfather. In the meantime the baby took sick and died unexpectedly, as can so easily happen with very young children. She told me that every night in her sleep she used to see that baby, and it was black as a coal. She went to the priest, confessed her fatal negligence and promised certain prayers and penances. The priest then gave her a special blessing, and she never saw this terrifying vision again."

"You see," said Father Casey, "how in this case God, in His mercy, permitted an angel to take a form resembling the baby and transmit this warning so that all parents who heard of it would attend to their solemn obligation and have their babies promptly baptized. For no matter how tiny, tiny, a baby may be, it has an immortal soul. If it perishes without being baptized, that immortal soul will never see God."

"There was a good reason why God should make an exception and let these souls communicate with the living, wasn't there, Father? I guess that is one proof that it is an honest-to-goodness appearance and not just imagination."

"Exactly. God would not make an exception to His ordinary laws and permit the dead to communicate with us for empty, senseless reasons, or just to satisfy idle curiosity. If the apparition is real, you may be sure that God permits it for some excellent reason. If you should ever have this experience (which is altogether unlikely) do not be disturbed. Remember you are in the care of watchful, powerful friends, of your guardian angel, the dear saints and the Blessed Mother and of the infinitely loving tenderness of your heavenly Father. Keep in the state of grace, and you have nothing to fear: saved souls will surely never hurt you, and damned souls dare not. If on the other hand, the apparition is not real (and that is the case ninety-nine times out of a hundred), it surely cannot hurt you. And it is rather silly to be getting frightened of things that do not exist."

"When we see our dead relatives in a dream, what is that a sign of?"

"Generally it is a sign that your imagination is rambling and rambling and rambling, the same as in any other dream. But it might be that God permits you to dream about this particular departed relative or friend to remind you to pray for him. Adopt the practice of many good Catholics: every time you awake and recall that you have been dreaming about a person who is dead, say a fervent prayer for the repose of his soul — and then promptly forget the dream," said Father Casey.



Tests of Character (30)

On Niggardliness

L. M. Merrill

No one loves a miser. There are, of course, many degrees of miserliness, from that of the story-book money-lover whose only joy is that of fingering his gold in the drafty garret or cellar where he chooses to live, to that of the respectable citizen who has to struggle mightily with himself to give even a penny away. The picturesque language of the street is rich in scornful titles for the niggardly character; he is a "skinflint," a "cheapskate," a "tightwad," etc.

Niggardliness of character manifests itself in three spheres of human activity. The first is the sphere of home. Everybody has known or heard of fathers who permit their wives and children to live practically in penury, because it hurts them so much to hand out anything over and above the absolute necessities of life. Husbands who keep their wives on a dole, passing out skimpy allowances that barely stretch to the ordinary expenditures, or who never grant any form of amusement or pleasure to their children that costs money, are niggardly in the worst degree. Usually it is not a question of poverty; they are building up a comfortable bank account in their own name.

The second sphere in which niggardliness shows itself is in the fulfillment of normal duties outside the home. When there is a drive on for charity, the smallness of the niggardly character is always revealed. If he can get out of giving anything, he does. If he must give to save his face, he gives a dime where he might easily give a dollar, or a dollar where he could give \$100 without missing it. His Church support record is another striking index to his character. He always has pennies, or at most a nickel, for church collections. He rants a great deal about the various appeals for money that are made in church. "They are a racket." "Religion ought to be free." He darkly hints about rich priests bleeding the people. Make no mistake about him. He's usually the niggardly, miserly type who just has to groan when anybody even gets near his pocketbook.

The third sphere of niggardliness is ordinary social life. There you meet the man who is not only represented in cartoons but has his place in real life, who is always preoccupied when the check for a meal among friends is handed out. It is the same man who always prefers that other people share their car with him rather than sharing his with them. He is the fellow who "forgot his pocketbook," "has no small change," gives nickel tips, and knows all the cheapest places to take his friends.

Niggardliness is a daughter of avarice or greed, the vice that freezes so many human hearts. One need not be a spendthrift to avoid it; one need only cultivate a sensible detachment from the love of money, and a spirit of generosity for any good cause.

How to Make a Man Propose

Ever since we published, many months ago, an article on *How to Propose to a Girl*, we have been besieged with requests for an article for the fair sex on *How to Make a Man Propose*. After months of research, here are the findings, for women only.

L. M. Merrill

IT HAS often been said that while it is the primary right and duty of the male to make the proposal of marriage to his lady-love, it is a necessary part of feminine knowledge and technique to precipitate, in one way or another, the "popping of the question." The chief need of the former, for the taking of the serious and irrevocable step in the fashioning of destinies, is courage. The most important possession of the latter is inventiveness and understanding.

This will become even more important during the post-war years. While it is true that many men will come back from the battlefields eager to rush, sometimes foolishly, into marriage at the first opportunity, there will be others who for one reason or another will manifest reluctance to take the fatal step. Inferiority complexes, fears of various kinds, wider knowledge and experience of life's problems, will stand in the way of many a man so that he will not feel capable of utilizing any of the eight methods of proposing presented by the experts in this field. (Cf. LIGURIAN, May 1944.) For such as these it is obvious that the girls will have to invoke special techniques to overwhelm all inhibitions.

This, of course, is ticklish business. When the right result has been achieved, it must still be made to appear that the initiative was on the part of the man. This fact makes research in the field of proposal-

promoting doubly hard. Few wives are willing to admit that they made use of any specific means to stimulate a hesitating boy-friend into talk about marriage. However, with a carefully trained group of psychologists, an analysis of a cross section of 1000 happy marriages has finally been made to reveal the following six basic techniques as the most universally successful in the business of proposal-promoting. They may well be studied by those who are on the waiting list for orange blossoms and rice. They assume, of course, that all other conditions for a happy marriage are present in each case where they are applied.

1. *Forcing the Issue*

Perhaps the most dangerous of all the forms of proposal-promoting is that which comes under the heading of "forcing the issue." That it has been used successfully, the figures abundantly prove. However, it requires a hardness of character and disposition on the part of the usually weaker sex, that prevents it from being universally popular. A girl must be ready for anything who takes a crack at "forcing the issue" in respect to her future with a specific male.

This technique is the closest approach to the fabled leap-year tactics that are more popular in song and story than in reality, and that are not being considered here. It is applied in the form of a wide variety of questions that may be forthrightly

put to the hesitant male. "What are your plans for the future?" "We've been going together, let's see, two years now; does that mean anything to you?" Sometimes it is put a trifle more objectively: "Have you ever thought about marriage in general?" or "What is your idea of happy married life?" Sometimes there is a wistful note expressed: "I sometimes wonder what the future holds for me. Where will I be and what will I be doing a few years from now?" One and all, these approaches are designed to force the issue. If persisted in, they will do so, one way or another.

In one case the "forcing-the-issue" technique is strongly recommended to any type of girl, no matter how shrinking. It is the case in which a man has been rushing and monopolizing her for an unreasonable length of time without seeming to want either to give her up or to plan definitely on marriage. After two or three or four years of this sort of thing, a girl should not permit feminine delicacy to prevent her from forcing the issue. She should come right out with it: "Are we getting anywhere by continuing to go together?" "Isn't it about time we decide something about our future and whether we should continue to see one another?" After all there is a limit to everything, and a girl who has been monopolized for the best years of her youth by a man who can't seem to make up his mind to anything, or who is content selfishly to string her along, is standing on solid ground when she "forces the issue."

2. *Presupposing the Fact*

Closely allied to "forcing the issue" is the art of "presupposing the fact" at the right moment, as a means of

bringing things to a speedy and happy conclusion. It has been used countless times, and many a man is happily married today who found himself engaged before he realized what was happening to him.

The principle behind this method is that while a man can and does sometimes think himself in love without at the same time thinking of marriage, a girl can and, when it is the proper person, should signify her acceptance of a strong protestation of love as a definite proposal of marriage. She interprets his words and actions for him, and once the interpretation has been made, he finds it all but impossible to escape.

It works this way: The boy (or man, as the case may be) has worked his way gradually up through all the moderate expressions of friendship, liking, joy in companionship, admiration, etc. This has taken a considerable period of time — long enough for the girl to get to know all that she needs to know about him for her future security. At last the time comes when he hoists up courage enough to tell her, not of liking, nor of friendship, nor of respect and admiration, but of love. In proof of which, he asks to be permitted to press a kiss upon her brow. Coyly she holds him off for a while, as if weighing a most important decision, which should be, but usually is not, warning enough to the lover of what is impending. At last she presents her brow to be kissed, and immediately thereafter speaks somewhat as follows: "Oh, I'm so happy. And mother will be happy, too, she likes you so much. Shall we have a simple wedding, early in the morning, with only a few friends there, or shall we have a big celebration?" She may notice a flicker of surprise cross her

lover's face, but nine times out of ten he will quickly recover and join in the planning.

Let it be noted, of course, that this technique is of little value to loose feminine characters who are free and easy with their kisses and even at times quick to submit to kisses that are not chaste. The finer nuances of feminine character are lost on such as these. And any attempt of theirs to apply the art of "presupposing the fact" will probably be laughed at by the kind of friends they have acquired.

3. *Playing Up the Competition*

It is an old and established principle that man, the pursuer, loves to outdistance rivals in apprehending the pursued. As a matter of fact, he will frequently be moved to outdo himself in speed and end a race for an objective far more quickly if his competition is keen. It is on these psychological principles that the third method of proposal-promoting is based.

In very simple language, the technique here used is that of getting it across to the faltering lover that if he does not act quickly, better men than he will seize the prize he missed. There are pitfalls and dangers to be avoided in practice. On the one hand, the competition must not be made to appear so keen that the lover will despair, and thus be made more tongue-tied than before. On the other hand, there must be no over-playing or exaggerating of the competition, because the least hint of deception in this matter has a decidedly cooling effect on love. Also to be guarded against is giving the impression that one is a flirt, ready to make eyes at anyone who comes along, which would give pause to any man no

matter how headlong he may be in love.

The right effect is most surely attained when a girl, though deeply in love with a certain man, can nevertheless be so naturally pleasant and charming and attractive to all her men acquaintances that any observer would think she is in danger of being picked off the marriageable market at any moment. If there are a few who are obviously eager to pick her off, this will help, though it is not a matter that can be too conveniently arranged according to one's will. At any rate, a lover who is worth his salt, on seeing the possible or actual competition for his girl, will quickly decide that she must be his and his alone forever, and will take the necessary steps to make her so.

4. *Utilizing Male Vanity*

While it is often said that vanity is a woman's weakness, personal investigation proves it to be a powerfully motivating force in men as well. In fact, a goodly number of instances are on the records in which the right use of it has been the deciding factor in producing an otherwise very dubious proposal.

In a world that has regimented and standardized millions of men according to a prefabricated pattern, there is often little opportunity for a man to rise above his fellows, to achieve the great destiny of which he feels capable, in a word, to attain the sense of mastery that man instinctively yearns for. What girl who is the least conscious of this striving and straining in the breast of every fullblooded man cannot recognize the power that is hers to bring it to a boil in the form of a proposal, if that be her desire?

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In accord with these principles, the maiden who wishes to promote a proposal builds up a growing conviction in the mind of her swain that the one place where he can always find appreciation of his greatness is in her. In her eyes he could not be any more successful if instead of 40 dollars a week he were receiving 4000. To her he is capable of any position in any field. Even the way he drives a car, and hammers a nail, and cuts a lawn, become objects of admiration. Yes, and it must not be forgotten that it is a part of this technique to show a restrained admiration even for the way he dresses and combs his hair and fixes his necktie, difficult though this may be for an outraged artistic sense. With judiciously proportioned emphasis and enthusiasm expressed in these various spheres, the day is bound to dawn within a reasonable time when she can expect him to put into words the acute need he has of her perpetual support and acclaim.

5. *Threatening a Career*

Few things have been known to ripen kindly feelings into love and love into a proposal of marriage more quickly than the prospect that the girl involved is likely to whisk herself off suddenly into the whirlpool of a career. Men take a special delight in saving women from "careers," for two reasons: 1) because they do not want the one whom they like or love to become the object of the admiration or affection of thousands, and 2) because it is a peculiarly gratifying accomplishment to win an exclusive right to the affections of one who might easily sway the multitudes or become an independent business executive or a world famous artist.

While these facts are clear, it is

not always easy for a girl to turn the threat of a career into the proper amount of pressure to produce a proposal. An indispensable condition for the use of this method is that there be some foundation for the possibility of a career. Fame being what it is today, that condition is not too hard to fulfill. Almost any presentable girl, with two eyes, one nose and one mouth, and a voice not too reminiscent of a buzz-saw, *could* become, for example, a movie star, as movie stars are currently made. But apart from the actual achievement of a successful career, any girl has plenty of opportunity of starting out towards a career, whether it be in business, in the arts, in science, or in the entertainment world, and showing an inclination to cast every other interest, even love, aside forever.

A second condition is that the girl have the right amount of sense and ingenuity to use the appeal of a career at the right moment and to the proper degree. If, when things seem to be getting nowhere between her and the boy-friend, she casually drops the remark that she is dawdling with the idea of going 1000 miles away to a school that has guaranteed to turn her out a finished author or actor or artist, with a career assured, he will almost inevitably perk up, sense the competition, and enter upon pursuit of the object that is in danger of slipping away.

6. *Stimulating Pity*

When all other means have been used to no avail, there is always left, as a last but not hopeless measure, the stimulating of pity. In every manly bosom there are deep-well-springs of pity which, rightly tapped, overflow into pledged troth and plighted love.

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Despite all the independence that woman has achieved in these modern times, there yet remains a core of pitiableness which, if properly presented, has a potent effect on the sensibilities of the male. A girl must beware, let it be stated, of appearing to be too much of a clinging vine or weeping willow. Most men do not want to have to dry too many tears. But there are psychological moments when tears or their equivalent can be transformed into the sharpest spurs piercing the flanks of the steed of love. A sudden burst of tears, for instance, in the midst of some joyous occasion, will often make a man realize that here is a girl that needs him; that there are chords of tenderness and weakness and need in this girl that only he can touch to the sweetest music in the world. Or the appearance of a vagrant tear when

the boy speaks only half-seriously of affection will make him feel that he has a strange and mysterious power over this gentle heart, and will make him want to exercise that power forever. Many a proposal has popped out unexpectedly from the process of figuratively or actually drying a girl's tears.



These then are the outstanding successful methods of proposal-promoting that have been found in a careful study of 1000 successful marriages. They are not exclusive of one another; two or more may be used at the same time; and when one has failed, another may be tried. Let them be studied carefully and applied judiciously, and it is guaranteed that no inhibitions against proposing will be able to survive.

The First "Stolen Thunder"

In 1705 John Dennis, poet and author, produced a play called *Appins and Virginia*. For the sound effects of the play he had invented a new kind of stage thunder, which was highly approved by the actors, and is the same as that used at present in the theatre. The play, however, was very coldly received and had but a short run.

Some nights after it closed, Mr. Dennis was in the pit at a presentation of *Macbeth*, and heard his own thunder made use of. He rose in a violent passion and exclaimed with an oath that it was his thunder. "See," he cried, "how the rascals use me! They will not let my play run—and yet they steal my thunder!"

So, it is claimed, originated the phrase "to steal another's thunder."

—Catholic Mirror

Tsk! Tsk! Department

In Puritan New England there was a law many years ago which read as follows:

"All women of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether maids or widows, who shall after this act impose or betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paint, artificial teeth, false hair or high heels, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors."



For Wives and Husbands Only

D. F. Miller

Problem: Don't you think a wife has a right to a vacation once in awhile—away from her small children? I have a chance to spend three or four weeks at a summer resort with friends, and my husband tells me I should either take the children along or stay home with them. The children are three, five and seven. I cannot go if they must be taken along, and if I do go they will be taken care of by our maid. Am I not entitled to the rest?

Solution: It is difficult to answer this question as we should like to, because it is doubtful whether argument will convince you of that which your heart should tell you without the need of any coaching from outside. The normal mother would no more be able to enjoy a two or three week vacation apart from her children than she would a term in prison. Two or three days, perhaps, might be taken without unusual heart-strain; or if a mother were in danger of a nervous breakdown or some other serious physical collapse, it could be recommended that she get away from everything for a while. But for a normally healthy mother, with children as small as yours, to think of enjoying herself for three weeks far removed from her husband and children, is a sign of a strange and dangerous abnormality.

Not that the abnormality is uncommon these days, especially among those who have plenty of money with which to hire servants to take care of many of their primary obligations. We have known half a dozen mothers who have gone off to Florida for a month in winter, or to a northern resort for as long in summer, leaving their small children in the hands of servants during all that time. Usually this is a proof that even while they are at home, such mothers are not close enough to their children. They have snuffed out the strong instincts of maternal love by too much social activity and by delegating their authority and a good share of their love to strangers who are paid by the week (usually underpaid). It is not difficult for such mothers practically to abandon their children for long periods of time.

It would be quite a waste of time to talk to such mothers about the mistake they are making. They are having what they think is a wonderful time. But to those mothers for whom the problem is yet an open question, we would say that just dallying with it is a sign that something is wrong. Physically speaking, a vacation with small children is not much of a rest; yet its opportunities for binding families together offset all the drawbacks and inconveniences. When the children have grown up, in work and in play close to their mothers, there will be ample opportunities for the freedom of vacations that should be forgone while they are small.

Roughneck Missionary

The story of a ready-for-anything, rough-and-tumble, horse-riding American girl, who as Sister Theophane went to the Kanakas in New Guinea and gave up her youthful life there.

D. J. Corrigan

Dear Mom:

Since I have been here I have not ceased to lament that I am not a man. It makes me envious of the priests and Brothers who go out and rough it and blaze the trail. I am jealous of their fatigue and sweat, their hardships and dangers. The worst is that I probably will never be sent to a mission post. The Lord knows that I can stand as much tough living as any man, and I long to be among the wild Kanakas. One has to love them in spite of their unloveableness. . . . If I could have been a boy, I'd first have studied medicine, then entered the seminary. Too late now!

In the love of the Holy Ghost,
Sister Theophane.

Almost a year ago a chaplain returned to the United States after more than two years of duty in the jungles and swamps of New Guinea. He was yellow and worn, and when asked what our boys thought of New Guinea, he replied, half in earnest, half in jest: "Oh, they're ready to give it back to the Japs."

Perhaps that simple statement best portrays all the hazards, the mud and the damp, the roughness and loneliness of life for the American, at least, in far off New Guinea. Yet these same mountains and swamps were the scene of the devoted labors, both before and during the war, of an American girl whose bullet riddled body now rests in New Guinea's soil. For Sister Theophane — Inez Maier to her many school friends of not so long ago in Rochester, New York, — is one of the sad casualties of the Japanese war.

Early in February, 1944, American newspapers carried a brief account: American airmen, not knowing that a Japanese ship off the north coast of New Guinea was transporting a load of captive priests and nuns, made a strafing run over the boat. As soon as these boys noticed the habits of the Sisters, they veered off in the direction of another ship. It was too late, however, to save the lives of most of the missionaries huddled on the top deck. Bishop Wolf and more than sixty of his courageous priests and nuns were mortally wounded. Among them was Sister Theophane!

Under the title "New Guinea Adventures" the letters of Sister Theophane have been published as a private enterprise by the Sisters of St. Joseph of the Diocese of Rochester. This fascinating journal of correspondence was prepared and edited for publication by Sister Theophane's own sister, also a religious, Sister Rosalie, S.S.J.

According to the Reverend Patrick J. Flynn, of the *Catholic Courier*, publishers slipped when they allowed this story of high adventure to see the light of day only through a private printing. Compared with Sister Theophane's dramatic reports from the New Guinea Gold Coast, most modern "best sellers" of adventure and romance are very drab and unexciting. Our dainty home front debutantes, so often lured by the modern propaganda of feminine independence and professional careers,

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should read Sister Theophane's story. It is a tonic for the vanities and shams now masquerading as greatness in polite society. Sister Theophane was a career woman in the service of Christ. Moreover she never lost her typical American zest for living.

Inez Maier was the youngest of a family of six children. Even as a tot she was a bit different from the ordinary girl, inasmuch as she would usually neglect her beautiful dolls, while finding most fun in gathering bottles of bugs, roots of plants, and even snakes. Very early she displayed the vigorous practical kind of piety that was later to characterize her missionary life. It was soon after her First Communion that her father asked her: "What would you like for Christmas?" She eyed him solemnly. "Five dollars for a Chinese baby," she replied. Her father gulped. "What else?" he said. She sat up eagerly. "Can I have anything I want?" "Anything within reason," was the answer. "Well, then another five dollars for another Chinese baby," she cried.

Evidently during her growing years Sister Theophane had missed none of the joyous activities of an outdoor life; throughout her letters from New Guinea there are numerous references to what her father, by that time gone to a better world, must have been thinking about her many escapades on horseback on the desolate isle. Inez was a good student, and at the age of seventeen graduated from Nazareth Academy; she then turned down two college scholarships and asked her father's permission to enter the Missionary Sisters at Techny, Illinois. "You'll enter nothing at all this year, young lady," replied her

father. "You'll have to wait until your eighteenth birthday." Though naturally disappointed, the young lady obeyed and spent the year in St. Mary's Training School for Nurses. At the year's end with her parents' consent she boarded the train for Techny. In the hospitals of Chicago she gained every kind of experience in obstetrics and surgery and studied avidly every text on tropical diseases. Then after nine years of labor among the Negroes of the south, she set out in 1934 as a Missionary Sister of the Holy Ghost for the wilds of New Guinea.

"New fella Sister come. Me try him."

"New fella Sister she no hurt. Me go to him."

Thus the sick natives, from the fierce looking Fuzzy Wuzzies to the half castes and various tribes, paid tribute to their new nurse in their pidgin English. Because of the nature of her work she was usually confined to the primitive hospital at Alexis. This, however, she found too tame and civilized, and she longed to be off in the bush winning souls for God. As future events proved, she very frequently had her wishes gratified, for many sick calls lured her into dangerous trips through treacherous swamps and over savage mountains, sometimes alone and in the dead of the night, to patients who sometimes in their contrariness and ignorance refused her ministrations.

"Mom, the folks at home have the wildest notions of what converting the heathens means. And they surely don't know that the Catholics need as much conversion after Baptism as before. I had a couple of scenes with these 'over-affectionate' mothers over here. One wished to starve her month-old son to

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death, but I scared her out of it. Another, the one who had wanted to bury her twins alive, was determined to kill her next baby which was shortly expected. I changed her philosophy by threatening her with jail, hanging, etc. The baby was born after my departure, but she let it live. These two women are Catholics! One is even a Catechist's wife!"

"Father Weyer told me to get old Caesar (a horse) and go up to the mountain of my former escapades. I knew there was a case of a bad wound waiting but it turned out to be a thing such as I had never dreamed of. There was a girl of about thirteen with a wound eight inches wide encircling her thigh. Thanks to the smoking fire in the hut, I could control my nausea, but it took all my self-control to wash the dirty leg and dress it. When all the foul flesh had been removed, only the bone and tendons remained. I took the girl home with me. She was too weak to sit alone on the horse; so I had to support her. When I got home everybody asked whether the horse had kicked me in the head. On removing my veil, I found out what had called forth the question. The poor girl's head had been resting on my shoulder and she had left dark marks of her 'cleanliness' all over me. The next day the Brother came over and bawled me out for the stinking saddle. Said I: 'Brother, you only smell about one tenth of what I smelled yesterday, so cheer up and forget it.' The girl is here yet and looks as if she'll be a patient for at least six months more."

Here follows a description of something that happened only too often. A call came in from the hills at six p.m., and that meant that the whole trip, "three hours over the hills, swamp, river and bush," would be in the dark. She walked "a blister in her heel and a hole in her sock" and then finally made the rest of the way on a horse with the aid of a lantern:

"When we arrived all tuckered out at our destination, we were met with the words: 'Who sent for you? Why did you

come? Go back to your place.' Were we ever dumbfounded! It was another obstetrical story. My companion sat down by the hole that acts as entrance from below to the upper and enclosed portion of the house. When the woman saw me and my medical grip, she got up and headed for the hole as a means of escape. What in the world is the use of trying to help these benighted people? All the people assembled and loudly protested against my doing anything. So we went home and like ladies coming home from the opera, landed in bed a 3:30 a.m."

Then two days later the natives came for her again, — in the evening.

"With elaborate supplies we made the same trip again. Yet the same scene was enacted again. Every relative of the woman came and stormed at me. I stormed back. They fled shamefacedly, but I knew that it would be unwise to proceed in the face of such animosity. My companion and I were disheartened. No one showed much interest in the poor baby. They were determined to pawn it off on us. We were balky too. There were enough young women in the village to raise the baby, but no one wanted to. In fact they were too lazy to bring it to church for baptism. So my companion baptized it. Home we went with all my untouched supplies. Three times they brought that baby, and three times I chased them home with it. The baby lived three weeks and the mother eight. I don't feel much sorrow over it. Any baby is a lot happier in heaven than here, and the mother probably is too."

Yet in spite of all these obstacles she was able to love these stupid people and in time won them over, to the great benefit of their souls:

"The Kanakas are about as high in my affections now as the dear Italians I used to love at home. Every trip is a thrill."

"Going on to another village I came across an old woman. The aged are to be pitied because they are at the mercy of their unmerciful relatives. This poor woman was all skin and bones and when

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a little later she became unconscious, preparations for burial were begun. The prospective mourners asked her why she did not die. She opened her eyes and at last answered: 'I cannot find the road because the priest has not brought me Holy Communion.' It was a simple statement, but it had a great deal of faith in it."

Sister Theophane frequently mentions another difficulty in the conversion of the natives: the evil example of the white people who drifted down that way:

"If you could see the miserable empty lives lived by the whites in this part of the world, you'd be filled with pity for them. They come out here for money, adventure, romance, and worst of all, to throw off the restraints that decency demands in a civilized land. It is small wonder that natives have so little respect for the whites, seeing as they do, their unworthy lives."

Sister Theophane's respect for the Priesthood, always strong—for we might say that she inherited that from her good "Mom"—seemed to grow with her experiences in the jungles. Although she speaks very seldom of her own spiritual life, there are occasional allusions to the fact that even when in the bush after a night of toil and sometimes when there would be no priest nearby for Mass, she was up and had her prayers all said by 6:00 a.m.

"I never thought so much about the value of good priests and their tremendous dignity until I came to see these splendid men in New Guinea. Very likely all of them could hold professors' chairs in universities; yet here they are in khaki trousers, looking worn and played out, tramping in the bush, hunting up none-to-thankful Kanakas."

"I feel sorry for the priests. As students they spend weary hours working up learned sermons, and here they can't preach simple enough. On February 2

we naturally expected a nice sermon on the Blessed Virgin. To my dismay it ran something like this: When St. Joseph was at work, the Blessed Virgin didn't say: 'That old codger, I want a young fellow,' and then look for another man. St. Joseph didn't tell Mary to go to work because he was tired of working so hard. And Jesus didn't tell St. Joseph: 'You common old fellow, I'm smarter than you and won't listen to what you say.' The natives need such sermons, but of course we nuns didn't find much material for meditation in them."

Sister's equestrian skill stood her in good stead in the wilds of New Guinea, for that was at times the only mode of travel. In this, she frequently helped the Brother break in new horses to the saddle. After horse racing was introduced into the islands and some of their horses participated, she betrayed her American love of animals and sports:

"The handful of white people in Madang are beginning to have horse races. Two meets have thus far been held. At the last race my darling—a horse, of course,—won a race, and another darling (another horse) took good places. Now the Madangers want to buy those horses."

"Here in St. Michael's horses are raised. It is certainly pleasing to see the colts run around with their mothers. The Brother asked me to help him break in the horses, so I occasionally ride one. One is called Hitler because he is such a rascal. I managed him. Today I tried his mother. She bounced me off, but finally I kept her on four feet. I hope Pop watches and smiles from above at 'Kiddo.' Every time I get on a horse I breathe an invocation to him and ask him to enjoy it with me."

Space does not permit further description of the many experiences she had with horses: of their running off and leaving her in the jungle, of their falling into the swampy mire "with Theophane underneath," etc.

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Nor does it allow the telling of her trips by boat, of her frequent drenchings, and many lesser annoyances.

On July 29, 1936 — more than five years before Pearl Harbor — she penned the following words to her "Dear Mom":

"A few month ago we heard that Japan has a greedy eye on New Guinea and has sent a warship around to look things over. With the last ship came also a German consul and he did more inspecting. Now comes the babble that if Germany takes the island, the religious interests will have the same sufferings as in Germany. If Australia keeps it after Germany's efforts to get it back, Australia will resent all Germans here and invite them to apply for a passport. If Australia keeps New Guinea, Japan will soon be here and then what of the mission? Nobody is going to defend New Guinea against Japan because there is nobody to do it."

Writing to her sister Rosalie of the St. Joseph Sisters, Theophane displayed the deep affection that had always knitted the family together:

"I am so relieved that Mom is contented. I used to wonder with a certain amount of anguish, if God took her two daughters, how He would provide. It did not seem right that after she gave us both up, she should suffer for it. God is a dear Father and will not play His roll poorly. Mom has the right spirit about giving her jewelry for sacred vessels. May the Lord smile on all her sacrifices, which were neither few nor small."

"Mom, you asked me whether there was any possibility of my returning to the U. S. A. 'He Who has laid His hand

to the plough and turns back, is not fit for the kingdom of heaven.' No one can read the future, but humanly speaking, I see no faintest possibility of ever setting foot on my dear native land again."

To Sister Rose Gonzaga, a friend who had her little pupils in Rochester praying for the success of the New Guinea missions:

"You close your letter 'In the Mystical Body of Christ.' Do you know that is my pet devotion? Often I get a wave of homesickness which finds its best remedy in meditating on the Mystical Body. There you and I, and Rosalie, and Kanakas, and your pupils and all, are intimately united."

In November, 1941, the letters stopped. Only once in 1943, did a missive, riddled with censorship and somehow smuggled out of a Japanese prison camp arrive. In the meantime, racked with worry, "Dear Mom" died. As to her own ideas of death, years before in 1938, Sister Theophane had written: "Just the same I don't envy them (two Golden Jubilarians) and don't wish to hang around that long. It makes me nervous to remember that Grandma Maier lived so long. I hope her tendency to longevity has descended to other members of the relationship who might be more grateful for it." God took her at her wish, for scarcely six years later her body lay crumpled from the bullets, ironically, of an unwitting American aviator's gun. She had given her all for New Guinea.

Cornerstone

In the convention of 1781 at Philadelphia, Benjamin Franklin addressed the following words to many of the founding fathers of the republic of the United States:

"Gentlemen, let us pray! I have reached old age, yet the longer I live, the clearer I see that humanity's affairs are guided by God. If a sparrow cannot fall without God's knowledge, how can an empire rise without His aid?"



Three Minute Instruction

On Human Freedom

One of the strange doubts that come into the ordinary man's mind at times is that concerning his freedom. Is a human being really free? False philosophers have frequently denied it. Sinners defend themselves from guilt and shame by grasping at the theory that a person cannot help himself; he is forced by some circumstance to do what he does. Even good Christians sometimes wonder if, because God knows all things beforehand, He does not control all the actions and the fate of individual human beings. The doubt can be removed by the following considerations.

1. As a matter of obvious experience every human being should recognize that he has free will. Nothing is clearer than that in many of his actions and decisions, a man possesses and exercises the right to choose. He chooses the food he will eat, the shows he will see, the work he will do, the partner he will marry. He chooses, too, the sins he will commit, and his freedom there becomes all the more clear from the fact that of two men in identical circumstances and temptations, one may give in to sin and the other may reject it.

2. Experience, in this matter, is abundantly supported by faith and the revelations of God. While there are some few texts of Christ's words that are wrongly interpreted against the freedom of man's will, there are a thousand that assert it and take it for granted. Every time Christ imposed a command, He was reasserting the free will of man. "Seek first the kingdom of God;" "If thou wouldst enter into life, keep my commandments;" "Not every man that saith to me 'Lord, Lord,' but he that doth the will of my father shall enter the kingdom of heaven" — all these and many other statements of Christ are the equivalent of this: "You are free to save or lose your soul."

3. The special difficulty that arises from the fact that God knows all things before they happen does not make it less difficult for a man to believe in his own freedom. Foreknowledge of what a free man will do is not force or compulsion of any kind. Even men know some things in the future, but they do not therefore cause them. A man can know that the sun will rise, but he does not thereby make it rise.

To deny freedom to self or other human beings would be to hand the world over to all the forces of evil. It is they who refuse to believe that they are free who are usually ruled by their passions and animal instincts, to the effect that they upset and destroy the peace and happiness of both others and themselves.

Rescue by Paratroops

Some months ago, headlines in the daily papers told of the rescue of a large number of Americans—mostly priests and nuns—from a Japanese prison camp by a group of volunteer paratroops, who came out of the sky far ahead of the American lines. Here is the same story from the inside, written by a Redemptorist missionary who was a prisoner of Los Banos.

J. G. O'Donnell

WAR came to the Philippines on December 9, 1941, the day after Japan's treacherous attack on Pearl Harbor. Manila fell only three weeks later, on January 1st. Together with other Australian Redemptorists and priests of various Orders and nationalities, I was interned in the Athenaeo or Jesuit College. There we remained until food stocks ran out; whereupon we were transferred to other places around the city. Surveillance was at first rigid, but gradually relaxed, until at length we were allowed out on parole. The Japs permitted this, I think, to show the Filipinos that they were not unfriendly to the Church—propaganda designed to win them over.

I returned to my Monastery at Lipa. For the next two years another Father and myself kept ourselves busy by intensifying our work in the church. We had as many as three High Masses a week. Japs were everywhere, just like ants; but they did not molest us. Then, suddenly on July 9th, 1944, when General MacArthur's island-hopping return to the Philippines was well under way, we were rounded up and taken to the internment camp of Los Banos.

This town of the Province of Laguna, stands on the shores of a large lake, about thirty miles south of Manila. The camp lay some distance from the town, on the lower slopes of a mountain. It consisted of a num-

ber of huts built in the grounds of the Agricultural College. Fifteen hundred internees were already there since the beginning of the war. We were thrown into an adjoining compound, which by the way had formerly been a piggery. We new arrivals numbered about five hundred, a large percentage of whom were priests and nuns, the remainder being Protestant Missionaries, their wives and children. All communication with the first batch of internees was forbidden; though later on, these were transferred to our compound.

The Japs left us entirely to our own resources. No utensils nor furnishings for the barracks were provided. All that we had was what we brought in ourselves. Some had been thoughtful enough to bring in beds; but the less fortunate, such as myself, slept on the floor. We set to work at once to establish some kind of order. A Central Committee was formed. It had plenipotentiary powers: arranged accommodations, appointed work, tried breaches of camp discipline and imprisoned the guilty, for we had a prison within a prison. The first thing done was to fix billets. The nuns were all put together, while we were given separate quarters. There were ninety-six in our hut, mostly priests. The interior was divided into cubicles, no bigger than a small sleeping-room. As we Redemptorists numbered twelve, we occupied two of

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them. The others formed into similar groups.

God With Us

It was like a glimpse of the Eternal City to see so many different Religious with the white, brown and black habits of their respective Orders. No fewer than thirty-four different Orders were represented. Besides two Dutch bishops, there were Jesuit, Dominican, Franciscan, Capuchin, Sacred Heart, Maryknoll, Holy Cross and Redemptorist Fathers, as well as Carmelite, Good Shepherd, Maryknoll Nuns and many others.

The one great consolation we had was our chapel. This was a shed which had been badly damaged by a typhoon; but we repaired it to the best of our ability and furnished it with a dozen or more altars. The Blessed Sacrament was reserved in a tabernacle improvised from a portmanteau. It stood on end and had been lined with silk by one of the Sisters. We Redemptorists had an altar of our own, fitted out from a Mass-box which we had brought into camp. Over it hung a picture of Our Mother of Perpetual Help. During our days of trial we were keenly alive to the loving protection of this good Mother, and not one amongst us doubts that it is to her intercession we owe our eventual liberation.

Masses began at three o'clock in the morning and followed one another continuously until nine. About one hundred and twenty were celebrated each day. Fortunately, we had brought along a fair stock of altar breads and wine. The breads were in sealed jars. By special privilege we were able to celebrate with a small host. The Japs thought that the wine was saki; and the wonder is that they

did not confiscate it. By using only a few drops for each Mass, a bottle was made to go a long way. It was only the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass and the abiding Presence of Our Lord amongst us that made life endurable for Priests and Brothers and Nuns.

Starvation

The religious problem solved, the next major one to be tackled was that of food.

We were fairly well off in the beginning. A little meat together with rice, sweet potatoes and maize made up the menu. There was no bread, but we could boast such luxuries as sugar and salt. At this time we had three meals a day. However, the situation quickly deteriorated. Our daily allowance was reduced to 100 grams of rice, that is about three ounces. It was boiled in cauldrons formerly used for scalding pigs, and was served in the form of watery gruel twice a day. Starvation was staring us in the face: something would have to be done.

We all had to spend two hours daily on camp details. This meant, among other tasks, assisting the cooks, or gathering firewood from the beautiful acacia trees of the compound, or working in the garden. Each had a small plot on which to grow vegetables. There was also a large communal garden, over which I was placed in charge. The ploughing was done by the aid of three working-bulls or carabao. One of the ploughmen was no less a person than the superior of the Presbyterian Mission. Hoes were used to break down the soil. They were wielded by long rows of men in singlet and shorts: Dominicans, Capuchins, etc., etc. Prominent

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among them were Fr. Depperman, S.J., of the Observatory, and Dr. Tuck of the Silliman Institute. The staple product was camore or sweet potato. It was grown not for the roots but for the leaves, which were cooked and eaten like spinach, or else used to bolster the rice. They provided many necessary vitamins and on the whole were a welcome addition to our frugal fare.

Matters became worse when the Japs gave us only unhulled rice. The husks had to be removed, otherwise they would tear the intestines. But to remove them was no easy task. It took about two hours to prepare one's daily ration. I saw one doctor patiently hulling his rice, grain after grain, with a small pair of tweezers. It was this—or starve altogether. When we complained to Captain Konichi, our much detested superintendent, he callously replied: "You'll be eating dirt before we've finished with you."

To such extremities were we reduced that we ate roots, grass and even slugs and snails. Here is one or the other incident. A certain professor had a dog which he was carefully saving for a last emergency. A doctor, goaded by hunger, stole the dog and was in the act of cooking it when the owner arrived on the scene. He called for his two sons, who beat up the doctor and recovered the precious spoil. One night a confrere and I cut down a pawpaw tree growing near the Jap quarters. To pirate it away meant breaking the curfew, and had we been caught we should almost certainly have been shot. But the pulp of that tree went a long way to deaden the pangs of hunger. What sharpened them most of all was the sight of

coconuts and maize growing in abundance on the near-by hillside. Actually, there was no shortage of food outside the camp: which goes to show that the Japs were deliberately starving us. Friendly Filipinos who were caught smuggling food up to the fence were shot offhand. Some of the interned men who tried to break through the barb-wire to procure food for their children, were also shot.

Food became an obsession. We could talk of little else. We even dreamt about it. Some tried to beguile their starving stomachs by drawing up all kinds of tasty recipes. One man composed enough to make a fair-sized cookery-book. A form of madness, to be sure, brought on by acute hunger! Matters were fast approaching a crisis. As a result of malnutrition most of us were suffering from beriberi. People were already dying at the rate of four and five a day. And we who survived were too weak to dig their graves. Then the crisis came. On Thursday, February 22nd, Konichi tossed a few sacks of rice into the camp with the remark: "This must do you till Saturday and then—no more!" An appalling gloom settled over the whole camp; despair clutched at our hearts; on everybody's gaunt face was that same look of hopelessness.

Rescue Comes

Friday morning dawned. For some time past we had been forbidden to get up before the signal bell, even to celebrate Mass. This could not be done until after the roll call. On this particular morning the bell for rising rang at five minutes to seven. On my way to the showers I was startled by

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the roar of planes. Day was just breaking. On looking up at the sky, I was amazed to see wave after wave of transports come sweeping low over the camp. While I watched, and others were watching now, dozens of white packets were released from the planes. Down, down, they hurtled; and then—they opened up! Parachutes! The glorious truth dawned upon us. From many lips the thrilling cry went up: "Americans! The Americans have come! The paratroops are here!" We knew that they would come one day. We had hoped and prayed that they would. Only in the last few days had that hope begun to die in our breast. But now they were here! Strangely enough we seemed to see nothing but boots: swaying to and fro, swinging like pendulums, as slowly they drifted down to earth.

Then the firing began. The Japs blazed away with machine guns. The boys in the sky returned the fire. Filipino guerillas who had crept up to the camp enclosure joined in the fusillade. Bullets whizzed and pinged all around us. "What are they?" I asked, as white streamers ribboned through the barracks. "Tracer bullets," shouted someone as he darted for cover. We threw ourselves flat on the ground, some in the passageway, some under the beds. There was a veritable hailstorm of lead. Bullets ricocheted off the floor, tore through the beds, whined over our heads. Later I counted three bullet-holes in the pillow and four in the sheets of one bed. I could not get close enough to the ground. How I wished that I were an earthworm. Someone started the Rosary. Muffled replies came from all around. Absolutions were given.

Then I remembered. Just outside the barracks was a drain. I rolled along the floor, rolled out of the hut and rolled into the gutter. It was wet and mucky. What matter? At any rate I was safe from the flying hail. From where I was, I caught glimpses of the fighting. I can still see an American who darted from cover to cover as he came up the hill. A Jap with a machine gun was spattering bullets all round him, when suddenly, a Filipino appeared from nowhere and shot the Jap in the back.

The firing continued for about forty-five minutes. Then came a lull. I sat up in the drain. And lo, a giant of a man, an American paratrooper was looking over the bank at me. "Any Japs here?" he drawled. "No! I'm no Jap," I assured him hastily. "Have a cigarette," he invited, holding out a packet of Chesterfields. "Sure," said I, "the first for a long time." "Keep the pack, buddy," was his only comment. Then he caught sight of the occupants of our hut, all spread-eagled on the floor in their habits. "Who are these people?" he asked. "They are Catholic priests," I answered, "ninety six of them." "Well, I'll write home and tell my ma that I saved ninety-six Padres," he declared with a smile of boyish pride. "And I'm a priest, too," I added. "And I'm a Catholic, Father," came the reply. There was no need to tell me, for around his neck hung a large pair of black rosary beads with a huge cross. "What's your name?" I asked. "Bobby Roberts." "And where do you come from?" "From St. Alphonsus' Parish, New York." Imagine my delight! From a Redemptorist parish! "I happen to be a Redemp-

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torist," I said; and his surprise at the coincidence was as great as mine.

At the sound of American voices, the prostrate forms on the floor sprang to life and crowded out of the hut. Paratroops came up from all directions. We shook their hands, slapped them on the back, slapped one another on the back—our joy was hysterical. There was a gleam of pity in the eyes of our rescuers. One remarked afterwards that he had never seen such a lot of scarecrows in all his life. They passed around all the cigarettes they had: they even gave us the whole of their K ration for that day.

"No time for talking," rapped out somebody. "Get your belongings. We are going to fire the barracks. The tanks are coming for you." Sure enough, the tanks were rumbling up the hill and already rolling into the compound. Helter-skelter we ran in all directions. I thrust by breviaries and habit into a bag and stood ready. The sick and dying were the first to be put aboard the tanks; then the women and children; and lastly the men. We were off. As we passed through the gates we saw the decapitated body of Captain Konichi lying in the dirt, the Filipinos going through his pockets.

Down the road towards the lake thundered the long line of tanks. It was now 8:30; the whole action had lasted only an hour and a half. In that short interval nearly two thousand people had been rescued. As this was a commando raid, made much in advance of the main army and at tremendous risk, General MacArthur had declared that it would be good work to get 70 per cent of us out alive. Instead, the figure was 100 per cent! According to official reports,

only two paratroopers and two Filipino guerillas lost their life; but the whole Jap garrison of 267 men was wiped out. The tables had been turned. For, later on we learned from the Americans, who had certain information of the fact, that we were to have been massacred at ten o'clock that morning. We were rescued at seven. I said that we owe our deliverance to Our Lady. It is true. Bishop Jurgens suggested that we all join in a novena to Our Lady to end on her Feast, February 11th. We made that novena as we have never made one before. But Feb. 11th came, Feb. 12th . . . heaven seemed deaf to our prayers. Not so! On Feb. 11th, somewhere in the south General MacArthur was calling for volunteers to rescue us. He told the boys of the large number of Catholic missionaries interned at Los Banos. Naturally, most of those who stepped forward were Catholics. When they came, how fitting that they should come from the sky! Angels of Deliverance that they were! How fitting, too, that like my friend they should all be wearing the Rosary around their neck . . . these crusaders sent us by Our Mother of Perpetual Help . . . these paratroopers of Our Lady!

However, we were not yet out of danger. From a machine-gun nest somewhere along the shores of the lake, the enemy opened fire. Bullets rained all round us. We were ordered to crouch down in the hold. Our guns returned the fire. In my tank were some women and children. Red-hot shells from the magazines poured down on top of us. The terrified children screamed from fright and from burns. The din was terrific. After ten minutes it ceased. "They're finished," smiled the Commander

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with supreme nonchalance; and there-upon the tanks breasted the waters of the lake, like huge ungainly ducks.

The sun was just rising. My heart pounding with excitement and the joy of being free again, I looked back over the long line of tanks that churned through the water, leaving

white trails of foam in their wake. In the background the mountain loomed large against the sky, its summit still wreathed with veils of mist. And from its foothills there spiralled up into the clear morning air, tall columns of smoke from the burning barracks of Los Banos.

Credo

Some, from the undirected bourne of chance
Say, by mere accident or circumstance,
Emerged this divinest image of a plan—
The creature, Man.

Some, from the cold dark womb of spawning fate,
Unknown but dire and inconsiderate,
Aver was born this flame of sheer desire—
This soul of fire.

Some, from a cruel tyrant's sporting word,
Tell how a human heart to life is stirred,
To hope and plan and dream and love and care—
And then despair.

None but the fool, who knows not truth nor sense,
Prates of a world without intelligence,
Only the madman thinks himself a clod
Sprung from no God.

All that the eye can see, of Godhead speaks—
Star-studded sky, earth-floor and mountain peaks;
All that the heart can love and mind conceive
Wrings from adoring lips an "I believe!"

—D. F. Miller

A Rabbi Follows Jesus

The author of this account is himself a convert Jew, who today is a priest and missionary. No one could be more qualified to tell the inner story of the great conversion in Rome that became a newspaper story all over the world.

A. B. Klyber

ON WEDNESDAY, February 17, 1945, Israel Zolli, Chief Rabbi of Rome, and his wife, were baptized in the Basilica of St. Mary of the Angels, by Monsignor Luigi Tralia. Zolli was Chief Rabbi of Trieste, Italy, for thirty-five years before coming to Rome. His deep learning in the Scriptures and in Semitic literature may be seen in the many books he published. Catholic scholars recognized this learning publicly years before his conversion, when they invited him to assist in the work of the Pontifical Biblical Commission, and in the compiling of the Italian Catholic Encyclopedia.

The former Rabbi is now sixty-five years old, but still fairly vigorous. He was born in Poland. In an interview he explained that his mother was a German-Jewess; and, that on her side of the family there was actually one hundred and thirty years of Rabbinical tradition.

The Process of Conversion

It is no surprise to find newspaper comment on Zolli's action insolent, at least by implication. For instance, it was neither necessary, nor was it good sportsmanship for certain newspapers to headline the story: "Voices, Rays, Convert Rabbi to Catholicism." Moreover it was disrespectful and offensive to millions of readers, to call the conversion a "Religious switch;" since it was the outcome of at least 12 years of serious thinking

and study by a serious-minded ecclesiastic of the Synagogue.

Only in the Associated Press dispatch by George Bria, do we find any reference to the "voices and rays" which are supposed to have affected the Rabbi. Nevertheless, even if Zolli did use such expressions, they did not mean what the casual reader of the news was led to think, namely that the convert was a dreamer or a "crackpot;" and that this conversion was to be passed off with a pitying shake of the head as "another one of those things." If Zolli used the phrase "voices and rays," he was referring to the interior inspirations he had received from the Light of the World. As Chief Rabbi of Rome, this sincere man had offered himself as a hostage to the Nazi Forces then occupying the city, if they would release several hundreds of his fellow-Jews. Was that the conduct of a dreamer? Wasn't it rather the action of a practical-minded, self-sacrificing pastor?

Jews, and especially Rabbis of the Orthodox Group, do not become Christians light-mindedly, or without a powerful help from God. Experience has proved that a prospective convert from Judaism may nearly always look forward to severe boycotts from his family and friends, and all former Jewish associates. If he is an Orthodox Jew he may expect even his father and mother to turn bitterly against him. They will put him out of their home, and will blot out his

name from their will. All his Jewish business connections will be snapped at once, even if they mean his bread and butter. If the convert is a member of some milder branch of Judaism such as the Conservative, or the Liberal, his penalty for conversion will be bad enough. Israel Zolli and his wife had to face most of these evils. In reply to a suggestion that he had become a Catholic for gain, the courageous Rabbi said: "No selfish motive led me to do this. When my wife and I embraced the Church we lost everything we had in the world. We shall now have to look for work; and God will help us to find some."

Therefore, when a Jew is willing to take such a cross as this as the price of his conversion, he makes this momentous break with the past only from a rock-like conviction that he is doing what God wants him to do, and only by the power of God. This is clear in Zolli's case, from the defense which he himself gave of his decision.

When the good Rabbi was asked why he had given up the Synagogue for the Church, he gave an answer that showed he had a keen understanding of his present position: "But I have not given it up. Christianity is the integration (completion or crown) of the Synagogue. For, the Synagogue was a promise, and Christianity is the fulfillment of that promise. The Synagogue pointed to Christianity: Christianity presupposes the Synagogue. So you see, one cannot exist without the other . . . What I converted to was the living Christianity."

"Then you believe that the Messiah (the Christ) has come?" the interviewer asked.

"Yes, positively," replied Zolli. "I have believed it for many years. And now I am so firmly convinced of the

truth of it, that I can face the whole world and defend my faith with the certainty and solidity of the mountains."

"But why didn't you join one of the Protestant denominations which are also Christian?" the interviewer insisted.

"Because protesting is not attesting," the convert answered frankly. "I do not intend to embarrass anyone by asking: 'Why wait fifteen hundred years to protest?' The Catholic Church was recognized by the whole Christian world as the true Church of God for fifteen consecutive centuries. No man can halt at the end of those fifteen hundred years and say that the Catholic Church is not the Church of Christ without embarrassing himself seriously. I can accept only that Church which was preached to all creatures by my own forefathers, the Twelve (Apostles) who, like me, issued from the Synagogue.

"I am convinced that after this war, the only means of withstanding the forces of destruction and of undertaking the reconstruction of Europe will be the acceptance of Catholicism, that is to say, — the idea of God and of human brotherhood through the Christ, and not a brotherhood based on race and supermen, for 'there is neither Jew nor Greek; neither slave nor freeman; for (we are) all one in the Christ Jesus.' (St. Paul).

"I was a Catholic (at heart) before the war broke out; and I promised God in 1943, that I should become a Christian if I survived the war. No one in the world ever tried to convert me. My conversion was a slow evolution, altogether internal. Years ago, unknown to myself, I gave such an intimately Christian form and character to my writings that an Arch-

bishop in Rome said of my book, *The Nazarene* 'Everyone is susceptible of errors, but so far as I can see, as a Bishop, I could sign my name to this book.' I am beginning to understand that many years I was a natural Christian. If I had noticed that fact twenty years ago, what has happened now, would have happened then."

Jewish Reaction

As was to be expected, the announcement of the Rabbi's conversion caused a great stir in Jewish religious circles throughout the world. In the Jewish community of Rome, the taste of gall was in their mouths. Overnight, the once venerated and learned Rabbi who had offered his life for his "Sheep," became to some of them an ignoramus, and to all of them a heretic and a traitor. The Synagogue of Rome proclaimed a several days' fast in atonement for Zolli's defection, and mourned him as dead, while at the same time they denounced him as a 'meschumad' (apostate — one struck by God) and excommunicated him. Here is a sample of the vehemence with which a Jew was cast out of the Synagogue in the days when the Jewish Leaders were still able to wield the axe. Whether or not such a document was read out in the Synagogue concerning Zolli has not been made clear; but even if it were not read, we may be sure that its sentiments were present and burning in the hearts of the Jews of Rome toward one whom they sincerely believed was now a traitor to God and to the Jewish People. This condemnation was hurled against the philosopher Baruch Spinoza at Amsterdam in 1656, on account of his heretical views about God:

"With the judgment of the angels,

and the sentence of the saints, we anathematize, execrate, curse, and cast out Baruch Spinoza, the whole of the Sacred Community assenting . . . pronouncing against him the curses written in the Book of the Law. Let him be accursed by day and accursed by night; accursed as he lies down and accursed as he rises up; accursed in his going out and accursed in his coming in. May the Lord never more acknowledge him; and may the wrath and displeasure of the Lord burn from now on against this man; load him with all the curses written in the Book of the Law and blot out his name from under the sky. May the Lord cut him off forever from the Tribes of Israel.

"Hereby then, all are warned against holding conversation with him either by word of mouth or by writing. No one is allowed to do him any service; no one may live under the same roof with him; no one may come within four cubits' length of him (about six feet); and no one may read any document dictated by him or written by his hand."

Now to the uninformed Christian, such treatment of a man may appear excessively severe, but the Jews sincerely believed that Spinoza deserved it: they believe also that Rabbi Zolli deserves the same. Though to many it looks like frightful bigotry to condemn a man like Zolli, we must yet be wary against hastily condemning the Jews for this, lest in doing so, we may discover that we are pointing the finger of ridicule at the Catholic Church, which also excommunicates heretics with severe penalties.

Those who understand the Jewish religious faith, and in particular the Orthodox Jews, will not petulantly ask the Jews to understand. They are Jews; how then can we expect them to get hold of the Christian view of a Jew's conversion?

Rabbi Zolli, like others who became Christians, was condemned by the Jewish Elders because in their

judgment he had violated God's Name by believing that the man Jesus was God. If we wish to be fair, we must give to the Jews of Rome the credit of acting honestly in the Rabbi-convert's case.

Moreover, the Jews have long memories. Their souls are still smarting from uncountable past persecutions; and today their poor bodies are suffering again in a most horrible mass murder of millions in Europe. It would seem then, that Christians should restrain the temptation to scold the Jews for their treatment of Zolli and other converts; and that instead they should compassionate and pray for them, as the former Rabbi and his wife are doing.

Inconsistently enough (or consistently, would you say?) the non-Orthodox Jew of today have called Baruch Spinoza the greatest Jew of modern times. Such an "about face" by modern Jews is no reflection on the faith of the Orthodox Jews of past or present. "Reformed Jews," perhaps unknown to themselves, have surrendered the revealed Faith of their Fathers; they can teach almost anything these days, and get by with it. Since many of them are very hazy about the Adonai Echod (the One God) for Whom their Fathers surrendered their lives, it is no surprise to find them now praising one whom their forefathers condemned. Einstein, the scientist, committed the same spiritual crime as Spinoza; yet he too is praised and respected by Reform Jews. Now the Orthodox have condemned Einstein too, at least silently; and they would like to condemn him publicly as they did Zolli, but they reasonably hesitate to do so because they feel that their People are suffering enough, and per-

haps, because Einstein did not profess himself a Christian.

All the difference between the religious beliefs of devout Jews and Catholics hinges on one question: "Is this Jesus whom the whole world worships as God, really the Messiah whose coming was foretold by the Jewish Prophets of the Old Law?" Any Catholic who stubbornly denies that Jesus is the Son of God will be excommunicated from the Church and in danger of eternal punishment in hell, unless he retracts. Conversely, a Jew who professes that Jesus IS the Messiah, will be cast out of the Synagogue as Zolli was. The Orthodox Jews of today believe their own ancient doctrines as completely and firmly as Catholics hold to the teachings of the Church.

It is necessary to point out, for the sake of peace, that although Jews repudiate Jews who have become Christians, they teach plainly that non-Jews (gentiles) who believe in the One God of heaven and earth, and do His will, can enter eternal life, even though their understanding of the One God is somewhat spoiled by their notions concerning Jesus.

Is This Betrayal?

Zolli's daughter, not a convert, asserted in defense of her father, "I don't feel that my father's conversion was a betrayal of the Jews. The fact that he could spend forty years teaching Judaism proves that there is a profound connection between the two religions." Zolli himself said sadly: "I continue to maintain unchanged all my love for the People of Israel; and in my sorrow for the lot that has befallen them, I shall never stop loving the Jews. I did not abandon the Jews by becoming a Catholic."

"Once a Jew always a Jew," is a shibboleth too often quoted by well-meaning Jews as a sort of proof that a Jew cannot in his heart of hearts ever become a Christian. When Israel Zolli was asked whether he still considered himself a Jew he answered with that same expression, but explained it in its deeply correct significance. "Did Peter, James, John, Matthew, Paul, and hundreds of Hebrews like them (he should have said many thousands) cease to be Jews when they followed the Messiah, and became Christians? Emphatically, no."

Here it should be pointed out to good Jews who are intrigued or annoyed by Zolli's conversion, that a Jew who accepts a Messiah today, remains just as much a Jew as he expects to remain if and when he shall accept a Messiah at some distant future coming. In other words, a Jew who accepts Jesus as his Messiah accepts a Jew, and himself remains a Jew. This may sound strange and even heterodox to Catholics who have only a surface knowledge of Jewish Prophetic history and Catholic teaching concerning it. A Jewish-convert accepts as his Messiah the Jew-Jesus who traces His ancestry back to King David without a break: can anyone be more Jewish than that? The convert accepts a Jewish Messiah who proved His Mission was from God by doing the hundreds of things the Prophet said he would do; chief among them His unquestionable and numerous miracles and His resurrection from the dead. His miracles are continued and multiplied in His Church even up to the present mo-

ment. Has any Messiah ever done the like? *Could* any Jew do anything greater to put the seal of God on His Teachings?

When a devout Jew becomes a Follower of Jesus he changes neither his nationality which is Hebrew, nor his religion which is Judaism. Well then, what does he do? He merely brings his religion to completion, as Zolli pointed out: he plucks the ripe fruit from the Tree that was planted by God. This is why the former Rabbi was able to say that he had not given up the Synagogue for the Church, and that the one could not exist without the other. This is also why he repeated correctly: "Once a Jew always a Jew."

If there is any notion that must be stressed both for Christians and Jews it is that Jesus did not give to the world a new religion, but only a New Covenant or Testament concerning the Old Religion which He Himself had given to the Jews. God's very nature forbids His giving to the world at any time at all, more than one religion, or one way of life and worship.

Our nearness to the Jewish People in their teachings concerning God and the Redeemer should lead us to be doubly kind and considerate of them at all times. True Christians will moreover pray to that sweet Jewish Maiden Mary that Her People may soon find the Messiah for whose coming they fervently pray every year in their Passover Service: "May He who is most merciful make us worthy to behold the day of the Messiah and eternal life in the future state."





Thoughts for the Shut-in

L. F. Hyland

Health in Christ

L. F. Hyland

The shut-in should have a special love for the doctrine concerning his membership in the mystical Body of Christ and all its implications. This is the doctrine that teaches that every human being in the state of sanctifying grace is a member of the living, healthy, active Body of Christ, a co-member with all the other spiritually healthy Christians in the world. St. Paul announced this beautiful doctrine with the words: "For as the body is one and has many members, and all the members of the body, many as they are, form one body, so also it is with Christ. . . . Now you are the Body of Christ, member for member. . . . For in one Spirit we were all baptized into one body, whether Jews or Gentiles, whether slaves or free; and we were all given to drink of one Spirit."

A firm and fond conviction of this doctrine makes for a joyous sense of contrast in the shut-in. On the one hand there is his sick and ailing body, with its incapacity for ordinary labor, its twinges and pressures of pain, its evident mortality and corruption. On the other hand, however, there is the whole man's participation in the Body of Christ, with all its divine strength and vigor, its power and immortality. The life that is Christ's flows through the veins, whose blood may of itself be weak from fever; the divine activity of Christ utilizes the brain and memory and mind and will, though of themselves these may be half-paralyzed from pain. It is good to be aware of these contrasts, and to know that even more real than the sickness of the body is the supernatural sharing in the health of Christ so long as grace is present in the soul.

Moreover this same doctrine makes the shut-in aware of his intimate share in the actions of those who are well. "The eye cannot say to the hand," says St. Paul, "I do not need thy help;" nor again the head to the feet, "I have no need of you." Nay much rather, those that seem the more feeble members of the body are more necessary; and those that we think the less honorable members of the body, we surround with more abundant honor, and our uncomely parts receive a more abundant comeliness whereas our comely parts have no need of it." So indeed, the well cannot say to the sick, "I do not need you," nor the sick to the well, "I have no need of you." Both are members of the one great Body of Christ, and the sick may take to themselves the more abundant honor and even the assurance of being more necessary, in the actions of the whole Christian Body. This is assurance of importance and responsibility that will encourage many a lonely hour.

Mother Mary and the Invaders

How a convent in the Philippines went through the Japanese occupation, as told by the Chaplain who recently visited it.

L. G. Miller

A RAGGED little Filipino boy was playing solemnly by himself in the Cathedral courtyard, which was littered with rubbish and debris.

"Hi, Joe," he called to me, a greeting that every American soldier in the Philippines has heard a million times. The church was a noble building; its vaulted dome gleamed white in the morning sun, and its walls rose majestically, hoary with age. Not until one came around to the front could it be seen that the entire front had collapsed into a ragged pile of stones, so that the birds flitted in and out of the building at will. The enemy had been driven from this town not so very long before, and had done a sufficiently thorough job on the city's buildings before departing. Gasoline and dynamite had turned the place into a shambles.

The church and the convent next door had, in fact, been fortunate. The convent, indeed, showed no damage at all. I entered the building with reverence and awe; it was the first building as such that I had seen in many months. If there are two-story buildings on New Guinea, where I had previously been, I had not seen them.

Inside, all was quiet, and I stood awhile in the cool hallway while a flood of memories awakened to life. The laughter of children at play behind the church came muffled to my ears, and it all seemed so very natural again.

A Sister approached me with the graceful gliding motion of Sisters all

over the world. Both her features and her speech gave away her Irish ancestry. A few words of self-introduction, and she was all smiles.

"A Catholic Chaplain! Come in, Father, and sit down. You must meet Mother."

"Mother" proved to be Mother Mary of Our Lady of Victory, an American Good Shepherd missionary who had been stationed in the Philippines since before the date of my birth. I sat in the parlor with its statue of the Blessed Virgin looking like an Irish colleen, and learned something of the adventures of this group of nuns during the Japanese occupation, which had ended in this place only a few short weeks before. She and her community had been in charge of a girls' academy; it was a flourishing institution, with a large enrollment. All was progressing well, and they paid little attention to the rumors of war, when one day they heard that the Japanese had made a landing and were slowly but surely pushing the American and Filipino forces into the sea.

Soon over the town swept the wave of invaders, and the grey mantle of isolation dropped over them — isolation from the outside world and their relatives and friends in distant lands. The work of the Sisters went on for a time as usual, except that they were visited frequently by bespectacled little officials with prominent front teeth and a habit of apologizing profusely when they found it necessary — as they frequently did — to appro-

priate supplies and impose minor restrictions.

At first the invaders were very polite and gracious in their dealings with the Sisters. Were they not deeply concerned in the protection of the Catholic faith, so glorious an inheritance of the Filipino people? Had they not brought their own Japanese priests and sisters to the Islands to show their understanding? Of course, the officials said, we do not ourselves believe, but our minds are extremely open and impartial, oh! extremely so.

But as time went on they became more and more upset at the singular lack of enthusiasm shown by the Filipinos for the "co-prosperity" plan about which they talked so much. And the reason for the Filipino lack of enthusiasm was plain: Japanese "co-prosperity" was strictly uni-lateral, with themselves on the receiving end.

"The Filipinos had a joke about that," Mother said. "They said it should rather be called 'prosperity-ko' — ko being a Tagalog pronoun meaning 'mine.'"

And as the Japanese gradually learned that co-operation was not forthcoming, they forgot even the pretense of friendly relations. Everyone of any prominence in the towns and villages was suspect, because he was a potential leader of the opposition. The foreign missionaries were tolerated — for a time, but they lived under a galling surveillance.

When Mother Mary tells the story of those days, it is with an unruffled serenity which makes her account all the more dramatic. Her voice is not raised, nor does she use any different tone in talking than she would if she were giving a lecture on the spiritual life to her novices. But one can picture the strain of those months of

cumulative fear and worry.

"Our school was closed," she told me, "and it grieved us to see the young people idle, so we started a club for boys of high-school age called the 'Crusaders Club.' We could have no such club for the girls, since the parents were afraid to let them out on the streets by themselves. Our 'Crusaders' grew and prospered. The young men gathered together on certain nights in a room of the empty school. It was a chance for companionship in good surroundings, and they took to it enthusiastically. We gave them a thorough course in Christian doctrine, and they formed a choir. How they enjoyed themselves!"

Then one day the inevitable Japanese officials appeared on the scene.

"So sorry," they said. "Assembly of young people must stop at once."

"It was a blow," Mother Mary recalled, "but we were grateful to the good God for protecting the club so long. Where one door is closed, He opens another one to His servants."

For reasons best known to their own peculiar minds, the Japanese shortly after their occupation put the city power plant out of commission and wrecked the water system. The Sisters after dark had to do their work by candlelight — when candles were available. They also had to haul the water for drinking and washing from some little distance. This chore was one that several of them remembered with great distaste, a thing which will not seem strange to anyone who has had to carry two heavy buckets of water for half a mile and up two flights of stairs, and this several times a day.

"But could you not get some of the boys to do the work for you?" I asked.

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"Not towards the end," said Mother. "They were afraid to be seen around here, and anyway many of them had gone away into the *barrios* or the hills."

But what hurt the Sisters more deeply was their inability to help the people who flocked to them for clothes and food. The Japanese flooded the country with invasion money made from small portable hand presses, causing the wildest sort of inflation. Most of the supplies of cloth and clothing had been appropriated, and for what remained the storekeepers charged prices that were astronomically high.

"It was nothing to pay 30,000 pesos for a cotton shirt," one of the Sisters said, "and other articles, when you could obtain them, were correspondingly high. The people begged; we gave away all that we had, and then we could give no more. It was very sad. In some of the *barrios* even now the poor people have no clothes — absolutely nothing!"

One morning in the third year of occupation the Japanese officials appeared at the convent and called for the Superior.

"All Sisters of American birth must be interned. It is merely," said the leader, with a little bow of apology, "for security reasons. We will have the utmost regard for your safety and well-being."

And so Mother Mary and several other Sisters parted sorrowfully from their companions and were taken in Japanese army trucks to the internment camp. About their adventures and sufferings there, they have little to say, except that towards the end of their confinement they were "very hungry." Mother Mary is not given to exaggeration, so the reader may

draw his own picture of their condition.

At the convent were left behind several sisters who were of Irish birth, and hence, neutrals. Rather strangely, in view of their general conduct, the Japanese respected their status. And now came the time of real hardship and suffering. Food became ever more scarce, and the condition of the people more wretched. Stories began to reach them of how Father Pablo, whom they knew so well, had been shot and killed on the street while administering the Last Sacraments to a fallen parishioner. And then there was Father Antonio, the good Italian priest, struck down in front of his church when he returned from hiding to rescue the Blessed Sacrament from desecration. Seven priests, they heard, were dead in the diocese, and many others missing, and God knows where they are or whether they are still alive.

"When will the Americans come?" was their constant concern. They heard no news themselves from the outside world, but from the intense activity of the Japanese and the American bombers which they occasionally saw passing overhead, they knew that the great day could not be long delayed.

From the Bishop's city a few miles away a breathless messenger appeared one afternoon with a dreadful tale. The Japanese had told the people:

"We know you expect the Americans to come. Before they come, we will burn the city to the ground."

And they kept their word. The old Bishop, 67 years old, barely escaped with his life, and walked for two days to a temporary place of refuge. Behind him he left the smouldering ruins of the city he loved. His Cathedra

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dral blasted and gutted into a heap of blackened rubble, and every building of any size throughout the whole town either levelled or only a hollow shell. And the buildings were not the worst loss. According to the Bishop's own estimate, no fewer than 10,000 civilians, men, women and children, gave up their lives in this town of 45,000.

"Thanks be to God," Mother Mary said, "none of our Sisters were injured, nor was our convent burned, although it must have been the Japanese intention to treat this place as they did the neighboring town. Many buildings they did destroy, but the Americans, God bless them, arrived too soon for them to finish the job."

"I shall never forget the day on which the Americans arrived," one of the Irish sisters told me. "One of the parish boys came running up late in the morning and cried: 'Sister, Sister, many soldiers with guns are coming up the street towards the convent.' We thought they were the Japanese coming to kill us at last. We were frightened, and we did not know what to do, but we closed all the doors and locked them, and the windows, too. Then we knelt in our oratory and said our prayers. Oh how fervently we prayed!"

"We heard someone below in the courtyard shouting. We were afraid to go to the window, but finally I went and opened it a crack. What a moment! The courtyard was full of American soldiers. They stood and sat around, and a soldier with a big grin on his face looked up at me

and called out: 'It's all right, Sister. Open the door.'

"I thought my heart would stop with joy. We opened the door, and some of the soldiers trooped in. I was ashamed," she said, "to have so little to offer them and they were all so good and kind. We could hardly speak, we were that excited."

It was not long before Mother Mary and the other Sisters returned safe and sound from the internment camp (but looking a little thin and drawn), and the American soldiers of that first day of "occupation" were followed by many others, walking with clumsy quiet through the convent corridors and sitting in the parlor with the inevitable piece of convent cake and glass of fruit juice in their hands. Catholic, Protestant, and Jew — men of all faiths and of none come here, and if they cannot understand the peace and calm, they know at least that it lifts them out of the dusty noisy routine of army life and washes their minds as with the water of a clear spring.

Mother Mary is worried now. "The Sisters have no time to pray," she said. "Soldiers are in and out all day."

But she will not drive them away, you may be sure, because, being a woman, she has a maternal tenderness for these boys so far from home; and being a very holy person, she longs to bring into their lives a little of the pure joy and confidence in God the secret of which she and the other Sisters never lost during their long years of suffering, hardship, hunger and danger.

Cause of Conversion

"Kindness has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence, or learning, and these three last have never converted anyone unless they were kind. Never build up the edifice of truth upon the ruins of charity." *Pope Pius X*

Jungle Parish

A pen picture of a missionary's parish located in the very heart of Brazil. It is not like any other parish you ever knew!

J. Buhler

I AM HERE in Coari alone, while the others, Fathers McCormick and Van Hoomissen, are up the river seeking out some water-locked inhabitants of our vast parish. Such trips are called "*desobrigas*," which literally translated, means "the fulfilling of one's obligations." It would be hard for you to conceive all that is included in "fulfilling our obligations": days of travel on the river, nights spent in every conceivable type of hovel and hut; combatting insects we cannot even name, and taking constant precautions against disease. But it is glorious work nevertheless.

We call this our parish and the prefect or mayor of the town calls the same territory his municipality; it is the most distant point westward in our mission territory on the Solimoes River. Coari, of some 1800 inhabitants, is situated half way between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans and just a few miles south of the equator. The river runs through the parish for some 125 miles and near the middle of that course lies the lake and town of Coari, a typical tropical sight.

The city has been termed by many the most beautiful city on the upper Solimoes. The reason for its beauty lies in the fact that it is situated about a mile off the river and overlooking a lake of its own. Standing on the church steps, the view is tropical, the sun sets into the lake; the moon rises to the left over the trees bordering the river; and in front, scattered palm trees lead the way to a vast inlet or

bay caused at this season of the year by the rising waters of the river. The land is low but hilly, which gives, with the rise and fall of the waters, a varied beauty throughout the year, seldom seen outside the Amazon valley.

The volume of water flowing in the Solimoes is immense, and for three months, June, July, and August, it runs wild, turning the vast state of Amazonas into an inland lake. The Indians call it "*igapo*," meaning a swamp in the midst of the jungle. The people have to build their thatched huts on stilts, and during these months move from place to place, from house to house, by canoe; the natives call their canoes their "*mounts*." A child can paddle a canoe almost as soon as it can walk; women are as efficient as men. One thatched covered canoe came into the city filled with women and children. On speaking to them, we found that they had come eight days by water, the women and children themselves having to do all the paddling, and this to have their children baptized. I have often thought of our nice lake trips in the vicinity of our Seminary at Oconomowoc, Wisconsin, when talking to these people. It makes those trips seem like child's play. The canoe that is used is stronger and heavier than a row boat and about as long. It is cut from a solid log of native wood called "*itauba*" as heavy as lead, and hard as steel. It is so hard some carpenters refuse to work with it. One man said that he can paddle one of

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these canoes from six a.m. to six p.m. "if you give me a half hour at noon to take a bite." We have a *desobriga* arranged that will take us eight days by motor boat to the farthest navigable part of the river and then by canoe to visit the people at the end of the parish. The banks of the lakes and rivers are populated to the very end. We have been told that down in the southern most section of our parish there are still primitive uncivilized tribes, speaking, according to one missionary, a dialect or a language very similar to Chinese. We now have our motor boat, so first-hand information about this will be coming soon.

But the city stands high and dry. The church is on the highest hill, and from its tower one can see the boats entering the lake on their journey up the river. A few yards behind the city some farmers are fighting nature, almost fighting a losing fight, trying to impress their character on the land and gain for themselves a little food. I say a losing fight, because a cleared spot, within a few weeks, with this heat and humidity, will return to jungle. The city by necessity is long and narrow, it is hemmed in on the front by the lake and on the back by the impenetrable jungle; but its mud houses, jammed close together, seeking mutual consolation in their struggle for existence, present a peaceful scene.

The present church, dedicated to St. Sebastian, was erected by means of popular subscription. It was a pious gesture, animated and directed by the Spaniard, Fr. Victor Merino, at that time a parish priest. Fr. Merino, inflamed with the true Christian spirit, was not satisfied with the hut where he was forced to say Mass and administer the Sacraments. He wanted

a suitable place, a church, and began to work with so much force and perseverance that his name figures high in the ecclesiastical annals of the parish and is held in high repute in the hearts of the people. He went from hut to hut, in rain and shine, in neither of which you find pleasant travel, asking for a little alms or a part of the produce of the land to achieve his goal. Today stands one of the prettiest churches on the Solimoes — a monument to his memory.

The parish has been without a resident priest for more than thirty years. To satisfy the spiritual necessities of the people, the prelate of Tefe, the next large town up the river, would make a visit to the city once a year, generally at the time of some great festival. He would announce his arrival beforehand, and when the people saw his canoe entering the mouth of the lake, the church bells would be rung, fireworks set off and all the leading men of the town would come down to the shore to meet him, and lead him in procession to the church. Many a time this same thing happened to us. A group of girls would sing hymns that were taught them by the priest who was there last; small children and old folks would come up and ask his blessing and kiss his hand. In church he was expected to say a few words in competition with the fireworks outside, and finally he would be led to a room that would be called his home for the following week. Its appointments, if any, would be simple: a mat on the floor, to cover the cracks, and two hooks on which to hang his hammock. Between these visits some pious person in town would gather the people once a week for the recitation of the rosary and the litany. Theirs was a

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simple faith, well-grounded, that was kept alive by the hope that some day a priest would come to stay.

There always was, and unless things improve, there always will be a lack of priests in this section of the Amazon. Because of the heat things move slowly, people gradually fall into the come-what-may attitude of mind, and become content with what they have today and leave tomorrow to take care of itself. A state of helplessness and carelessness on the part of the natives was noticed in the lack of zeal, care, and love which they showed toward the village houses in general and especially to their churches. Some were built by the devotion and piety of their fathers, of which only a skeleton remains; of others, the ruins are a living censure of the younger generation. In late years, no new churches were started nor were old ones repaired; consequently on our trips now, services have to be held in private homes. Since we have arrived, one new chapel is complete except for the sacristy and two others are just a little past the foundation stage. Wood is so near and yet so hard to get!

In the interior, the jungle, outside the city, they are without a priest, but regularly the natives hold their own festivals, a queer mixture of paganism and Catholicism, which always end in a general dance. These are in honor of the Holy Ghost, St. Sebastian, or as they themselves put it — "in honor of another image." St. Sebastian comes in for a lot of honor in the valley, most of the people not knowing why, but the legend that is given has him the patron of all sicknesses and especially leprosy, which prevails throughout the interior. Fr. Elworthy has already written about a truly religious festi-

val such as the one of St. Francis at Anama, or that of St. Sebastian at Anori. These festivals, backed by a long tradition, and run according to the feeling of the people, are a little different. Each day the natives form a flotilla of canoes that go up and down the river, the leader carrying a white flag as a symbol of their conquering of the canals and the green islands. Every so often the parade is stopped at some thatched hut to gather an alms or offering for and in honor of the saint, during this short stop they eat, drink, dance and pray the ever-popular litany.

On the day of the feast, around the hut where the litany is said, the ground is cleared of all grass and thorny vines and bushes, and in a wider circle the grass is cut close to the ground. In front of the hut stands a tall straight pole, decorated with leaves and bunches of fruit from the vicinity. The cleared ground is both for the sake of beauty and as protection against the annoying almost microscopic insect, called the *mucum*. The natives use the pole as a rack on which they hang their offerings of thanksgivings or tie a ribbon as a symbol of a promise fulfilled. During the cooler part of the day the place around the pole is for social gatherings, where stories are exchanged about births, deaths and happenings up and down the river. At night under the twinkling stars, and in the light of burning torches, all shout in weird tones the litany — loud enough to mix with the murmuring trees of the jungle. For them, things have a special beauty when the stars are out and more so in the moonlight. The crowd that gathers for these festivals at times number in the thousands, and many come a three or four or five

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day's journey — such is the importance of the few days. After this shouted litany, the orchestra breaks forth into its jungle rhythm for the dance.

The highest praise must be accorded those early Fathers who preached and worked in this country for the firm, simple faith they instilled into the hearts of these scattered people. Their faith is simple and at times mixed with superstition, but their one concern is to have their child baptized — and for this, no hardship is too much. A man will leave his work, thereby losing money, and take his family and live in a canoe for fifteen days, traveling all the time — and just to have his child "become a Christian." In those places where a priest has stopped and spent a few days, we find the knowledge of the natives reaching into the other parts of Catholic teaching, even though their actual practice may be far behind. Just recently a mother with her four sons, their wives and children, came into the city. They wanted a Mass said and to receive Holy Communion for their father who had died but a few days before. None of the sons had ever been married in the Church, none but the mother had ever received the Sacraments of Penance and Eucharist before, and a couple of the smaller children had not even been baptized.

These people can come into the city. But we often wonder how many cannot make this trip for one reason or another — such as poverty, sickness or distance. A man was telling me that one of his workers, a native of about 30, saw his first Brazilian coin not so very long ago. His mode of living was by barter; he had no canoe and the clothes of his family were just the bare necessities. We couldn't expect such as these, nor the invalids, to come to us — so we try to get to them, but a canoe is so very slow. With the boat we now have, we can bring the Sacraments to those deep in the jungle, where the visit of a priest means more than a national holiday.

There is a story that as far as anyone can remember no priest has ever been bitten by a snake. Be that what it may, of one thing we are certain — from tangible proofs in the past — that our Blessed Lord has not forgotten us. He has given us health and is now preserving it; and at times when the going begins to get too hard, and the monotony of the green jungle begins to get heavy there is always some amusing incident that comes to us to take our minds off the heat and the hardships for some few minutes. It is His work, He has called us to it, and now we have His help to see it through.

Tip for Speakers

An expert on housing once visited the Scandanavian peninsula to try to improve the living conditions of the Laplanders. He set up an exhibit in the only building of the first small town and invited the people to a free lecture.

The time for the lecture came and a huge crowd of the villagers had gathered outside the hall. But none had ventured inside. He went among them assuring them that the lecture was free, but still they stayed outside. Finally he asked one intelligent-looking fellow what was the matter.

"Before they come in," the man answered, "the people want to know how much you pay them for listening."

"What!" answered the lecturer, "I should pay them to hear my lecture!"

"Oh, sure thing," was the reply. "Anybody can talk, talk, talk, but to listen long is hard. Now how much do you pay?"



Side Glances

By the Bystander

Musings on Ignorance: There is a great deal of ignorance in the world, and much of it in enlightened America. There is ignorance in every human being, up to and including the Radio Quiz Kids, the conductors of Question and Answer columns in newspapers and magazines, and the publishers of Almanacs and Encyclopedias. But there are varieties of ignorance in the world, and in one sense, the least ignorant man in the world is the man who knows what ignorance is. Take a look at some of the forms of ignorance around you, and possibly within you.

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There is the ignorance that philosophers sometimes call *nescience*. This is ignorance of something you have no capacity for knowing or no need of knowing. The bricklayer has no capacity, in the sense of time and opportunity, for knowing the principles and history of paleontology, and he doesn't need that knowledge. A child of three doesn't yet know the relation of morality to public welfare, but it has no need to know that so long as its parents take care of its own welfare. There are a million things of which everybody is ignorant without ever adverting to the fact because knowledge is either impossible or useless. Some people, however, make a virtue out of working hard to acquire a knowledge of useless things. We knew a man who proclaimed himself the only person in the world who could talk backwards, i.e., repeat backwards the sounds of any word or sentence you proposed to him. People who count the number of grains of sand in a bottle and the number of bricks in a building and the number of cracks in a sidewalk are acquiring similar types of useless knowledge. It were better, usually, that such things be left in the realm of *nescience*.

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There is another kind of blameless ignorance. It is the ignorance that the proverb synonymizes with bliss. It is ignorance of things the knowledge of which would be, for a

given person, harmful or dangerous. It is one of the tendencies of modern times to want to know everything. This usually turns into the principle that a person ought to know everything dangerous and harmful, since a limit has to be set somewhere. Let some official try to suppress a vile or sexy book or magazine, and there will be any number of critics to howl savagely over such "suppression of knowledge and worship of ignorance." Let the Catholic Church's censorship of bad books be mentioned and some will cry out in horror against such "promotion of illiteracy." Yet anyone who has knowledge (not ignorance) of how human beings are constituted knows that there is explosive danger in knowledge of and familiarity with all the perversions of sex that corrupt human beings can devise; and that there is only confusion and bewilderment attendant on delving deeply into all the strange religions and theories of human life that other ignorant men have concocted, if one has inadequately trained faculties for separating the true from the false. Ignorance is indeed bliss when it wards off these dangers.

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The worst kind of ignorance is that which deprives a person of knowledge he should possess. In this category of ignorance many many Americans belong. The most important species of absolutely necessary knowledge is that concerning the purpose of life, the reality of God, the right relations between creature and creator. It was for this kind of knowledge primarily that man was equipped with a mind. Yet there are thousands who know nothing about these things and almost brag that they want to know nothing. The great crime of this generation is agnosticism, which says "I don't know anything about God, I don't want to know anything about God, I can't know anything about God." This is intellectual and moral suicide, and it is not strange that God has abandoned mankind to wars and tyrannies and bloodshed and destruction. Of this ignorance St. Paul

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spoke the classic lines: "For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and wickedness of those men who in wickedness hold back the truth of God, seeing that what may be known about God is manifest to them. For since the creation of the world his invisible attributes are clearly seen—his everlasting power and divinity—being understood through the things that are made. And so they are without excuse . . . they who exchanged the truth of God for a lie, and worshiped and served the creature rather than the Creator who is blessed forever."



Then there is the ignorance of malicious or slothful error, what Chesterton called "the ignorance of the learned," because they know so many things "that ain't so." There are many such ignorant people in America, in high places. Perhaps the outstanding victim of "the knowledge of things that ain't so" is the Catholic Church. There are between 20 and 30 thousand Catholic priests in the United States (to say nothing of over 100 thousand nuns and over 20 million people) who are ready to tell everything to anybody about the Catholic Church—her principles, her aims, her logic, her methods and history—yet there remain thousands of "learned" people who never spoke to a priest nor read a thoroughly Catholic book who can talk for hours on the principles, aims, methods and history of the Catholic Church, with every word an accusation. And there are many more who listen to such talk and accept as the truth the things "that ain't so." "How did it happen," asked a woman of the famous Samuel Johnson, "that you gave the wrong name to a certain part of the anatomy of the horse in your latest book?" "Pure ignorance, madam, pure ignorance," answered Johnson. If only the holders of erroneous views about the Catholic Church could be brought to the point of admitting "Pure ignorance, madam," how much better off the world would be!



There is also an ignorance that we like to call "the ignorance of mediocrity." This is the ignorance of those who are content to know the minimum, the bare essentials, even in a field that is of great importance to themselves. This kind of ignorance holds many a man in bondage to a monotonous life, with a poor job and a bleak outlook for the future. If such would bestir themselves to know more about their work than is actually necessary to earn their pay, they would find life increasingly productive and rewarding. This kind of ignorance is responsible for millions of mediocre Catholics, who know very little about their faith beyond the oversimplified necessities, and could, at a cost of a little reading and study totally disproportionate with the results, transform their entire outlook on the world and find a happiness they never dreamed could be known.



When all other forms of ignorance are recognized there is that remaining which is admitted only by humility. It has been said that humility is merely the recognition of the truth about oneself; it can also be said to be merely the recognition of one's ignorance. For after a human being has acquired all the knowledge of which he is capable and which he needs, he yet knows little if he does not know that he is still ignorant of many things. It is hard for the proud man to admit ignorance in any field. That is why proud scientists readily step beyond the bounds of their specialty and decide questions about religion, to which they have given scarcely a moment of study. That is why successful business men give ready and dogmatic answers to questions concerning heaven and hell; a little knowledge has made them think themselves masters of all. The humble man clings to the true knowledge he has acquired—knowledge of the necessary things bound up with his life and destiny and duties. He keeps on trying to know more and more to assure his own destiny. But he never forgets that, he is finite, limited dependent—that only God knows all things.





Catholic Anecdotes

A Long War

On one occasion when St. Francis de Sales had borne with a gross insult without uttering a word in self-defense, a companion asked him whether he had felt no inclination to anger.

"Certainly I did," answered the saint. "The blood was boiling in my veins, like water in a vessel on the fire. By dint of careful examination of conscience, which I have constantly practiced for twenty-two years, and by repeated victories gained over myself, I have, if I may be allowed the expression, so collared my anger that it is entirely in my power."

Holding an Audience

A pastor once complained to a visiting colleague that his parishioners had the bad habit of leaving the church before he finished his sermon.

"That would never happen to me," said his friend, boastfully.

"Oh, no?" said the pastor, who knew that his friend was not a very forceful speaker. "If you are so sure, I hereby invite you to preach in my church, and I'll wager that some of my people will get up and leave while you are speaking just as they do on me."

The wager was accepted and at the appointed time the visitor arose in the pulpit and addressed the people in the following words:

"My sermon is divided into two parts: the first is for the wicked, and the second is for the just." Then he

spoke very briefly to the wicked, ending with these words: "Now, you hardened sinners, you who blaspheme Christ and jeer at His doctrine, you who are covered with all vice and devoid of all penance—I am through with you. Get out! Leave the church! For this second part of my sermon is directed only to those here present who are of a clean and innocent heart."

Not a soul left the church before the sermon ended.

Eliminating Fear

"What in particular has your new faith meant to you, Joe?" was asked of Joe Rosenthal, convert Jew who took the prize-winning picture of the flag-raising on Iwo Jima. He answered:

"It has eliminated fear from my life. By that I mean it occurred to me when we were out in the Pacific war areas that death held no terrors for me. Why should it? I have been a Catholic since August 19, 1938, and have learned that I can now hope for a chance when death comes. The prospect of heaven means everything in the world to me, and that is what the Catholic faith gave me. When we were under fire of the Japanese guns I pushed ahead without fear.

"The relief of knowing that there is a hereafter and that I stand a good chance of meeting God as a friend when I check out has transformed my life. My Catholic faith has cleared up my mental muddle."



Pointed Paragraphs

Scapegoat

An interesting bit of argument came out of St. Louis during the month of June. It seems that some "expert's" report showed that St. Louis children were a year to two years behind the national average in educational progress. Whereupon the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, jealous of the honor due to the city's public schools, sought and found a scapegoat on which to lay the blame for the sorry backwardness of St. Louis children. It was the fact that the public schools in St. Louis permit an hour or so of religious instruction each week to be given to any children whose parents apply for the privilege. This means, says the *Post-Dispatch*, that a terrifying total of seven or eight days, out of a total of 190 days in a school year, are completely lost to education. That is why St. Louis children are educationally under par.

To anyone who knows anything about education, this analysis constitutes something of a joke. It accepts as an assumption that time out for religious instruction is time wasted, as far as education goes, whereas the truth of the matter is that religious instruction is both of the essence of a genuine education and the most powerful spur to industry and application in reading, writing and arithmetic that might be found. If the truth could be ferreted out in a matter of this kind, it would no doubt be

found that religious instruction properly given kept St. Louis children from being three or four years behind whatever educational standards the "experts" have devised. That, of course, is on the improbable assumption that the "experts" themselves know what a genuine education is.

There have been so many authoritative voices raised in recent years to lay the blame for juvenile delinquency, adolescent corruption and adult lawlessness on the total lack of religious training among youth that one wonders how a mere editorial writer can think it a service to his community to suggest that "seven days out of 190" are too much time given to God and religion. True, he suggests that after school hours and weekends be used by parents for instruction in such matters; but he should know that this has not sufficed in the past and will not in the future.

For most Catholics there is no problem. They have their own schools, where religious instruction is not an after-thought or side-issue, but a part of almost every branch. And their children, by and large, have no difficulty in measuring up to any true educational standards that are made.

To Outlaw Prejudice

The fight that has been going on in Congress for some time past over the proposed Fair Employment Practices Act is one that will have a vital bearing on the future peace and welfare

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of the United States. It is good that every American know just what is at stake, and in his own mind take a stand. Much will depend on whether the majority of Americans take the right stand.

The bill proposes only that employers be prohibited from discriminating, in the hiring of men, solely on the basis of race, color or creed. It is not in any sense a dictation to employers as to the standards they may set up for employees, in training, experience, etc. It is not equipped with heavy penalties and punishments. It merely gives an individual American a right to appeal to a Board that it will set up, if he feels that he has been excluded from a job solely because of his color, race or creed.

An example of what the bill aims to prevent may be taken from the files. In 1942, Boeing Aircraft Co. of Seattle was facing a serious labor shortage, and that shortage was of the utmost concern to the whole of America because of the necessity of its product (Flying Fortresses) to the war effort. Representatives of the company were sent to Chicago to recruit workers. Certain types of skilled labor were offered transportation and higher wages than they were receiving in less essential industries. All applicants who measured up to standards were immediately accepted. All except one.

Robert L. Weaver was a qualified engineering draughtsman, graded excellent in his field. But because he was colored, he was turned down, even while the clamor for more skilled laborers continued all over Chicago.

Here was a clear example of what the Fair Employment Practices Act would make impossible. The filibuster against it has centered around two arguments, which have been vociferated mainly by the two senators from Mississippi. One is that Negroes have no right to an equal footing with white men in applying for jobs because they are an inferior race. If you don't believe that this argument has been used, look up the Congressional Record for the speeches of Senator Eastland on the bill. The other argument is that the bill will regiment employers, subject them to dictatorship, lead to Communism. In fact it is stated in the Senate that it has sprung from Communism, though its principal sponsors in both the House and Senate have been Catholics, and its principal backers are civic and religious organizations.

The opposition is obviously un-American and undemocratic both in principle and in tactics. This bill constitutes, on a local and national scale, that for which a world war has been fought and won. There is only one side for a true American to take.

Stories of Children (5)

A group of small children were busily playing in the school recreation room. The Sister in charge entered and realized that there was something new about the game.

"Are you playing house?" she asked.

"No 'ster," said a very little girl, "we're playing hospital. I'm the doctor."

A second little girl piped up: "I'm the nurse."

Whereupon a third little girl suddenly let out a most realistic yowl. When the Sister rushed to her, she looked up, grinned, and said: "I've just been borned."



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EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

Selected and Edited by J. Schaefer

Letters of St. Alphonsus

To His Brother, Don Ercole de Liguori, Nocera, 1762

Grief at his Appointment to the Episcopate.

Live Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

My Dear Brother: I have been so amazed by the command which I have received from the Pope, to accept the episcopate out of obedience, that I have become like a man bereft of his senses! To think that I should have to leave the Congregation after having been a member of it for thirty years!

I sincerely thank you for your offer to lend me money to pay my expenses. Had you not expressed such a wish I would, perhaps, have written to the Pope, as a last resort, complaining that I have no money to pay for the documents and for the other necessary expenses; and, who knows, he might have delivered me, because of this inability, from the episcopate.

You rejoice at my elevation. I do nothing but weep. To think that the episcopate was reserved for me in my old age! But may the holy will of God be always accomplished. He wishes me to be a martyr during the last days of my life! I have lost sleep and can hardly eat. I am stupified at the thought that the Pope, who never imposes an obligation to accept an office, should impose such an obligation upon me.

Please salute your wife for me. I embrace you.

Your very affectionate brother,

Alphonsus

Bishop-elect of St. Agatha

To Father Tannoia, Nocera, 1760

Advice Regarding a Vocation

Live Jesus, Mary, Joseph!

The mother of the young man from Tito has written an appeal to the king alleging that her son was the only support of her family. The Council of the Regency immediately informed the Bishop of Nocera, begging him to make the case known to me, so that I might try to console the mother. I answered Msgr. Volpe in the following manner: "I have in no way influenced the young man, as his mother contends. He has taken the step deliberately and now maintains his stand of his own free will. And since he is no more than sixteen or seventeen years old, he cannot be called the only support of his family."

Msgr. Volpe writes to me that he has already sent in his report to that effect. If now the young man is of the same conviction, and if it appears to you that he will be a good priest, it will be the proper thing to permit him to state his own case, and to address a memorial to the king. He should tell the king that his family has no need of him; that the whole affair is the result of passion on the

part of his mother, who wishes to make him lose his vocation; that it is not true that he has been influenced by the Fathers; and that he left his family of his own accord. If his Majesty should doubt his sincerity, he could be examined by some religious and sent to a monastery, provided it be not to Tito where he would be strongly assailed by his relatives.

This memorial should be signed by the young man, and countersigned by a notary, and he should send it immediately. However, I leave the matter to your prudence, for I do not know all the circumstances which you know, such as the qualities and intentions of the young man.

Brother Alphonsus
of the Most Holy Redeemer

*To the Fathers and Brothers of the
Congregation of the Most Holy
Redeemer, July, 1774*

On the Love of Jesus Christ.

Live Jesus, Mary, and Joseph!

My dearest Brethren in Jesus Christ: The principal thing that I recommend to you is the love of Jesus Christ. By innumerable ties are we bound to love Him.

For this end He has chosen us from all eternity, and called us into His Congregation, there to love Him, and to make others also love Him. What greater honor, what greater mark of love could Jesus Christ have shown us? He has snatched us from the midst of the world that we might be drawn to His love and that, during the pilgrimage of this life, by which we must pass into eternity, we might think of nothing but of pleasing Him and of bringing others to love Him.

If, therefore, God so highly honors us as to choose us to be the instru-

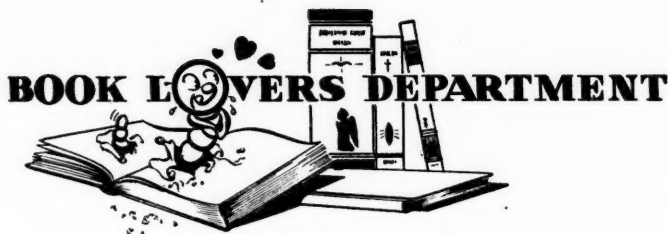
ments of His glory, and to bring others to love Him — an honor that no earthly ruler possesses — how greatly ought we not to thank and love Him! Let others labor to acquire a reputation as men of honor and talent, but let us endeavor to advance every day more and more in the love of Jesus Christ. Let us incessantly strive to find occasions of pleasing Him by offering to Him some mortification or some other act that will be acceptable to Him. My Brethren, when death approaches, the light of the candle will disclose to us the graces that the Lord has bestowed upon us, in keeping us in the beautiful vocation that He has given us.

You already know that the most efficacious means to enable us to bear contradictions and suffering is a great love for Jesus Christ. But for this much prayer is necessary. To love Jesus Christ is the greatest work that we can perform on this earth. But it is a work and a gift that we cannot have of ourselves. It must come to us from him, and He is ready to give it to those who ask Him for it. Hence if we are wanting in it, it is through our own fault and our own negligence. It was for this reason that the saints were continually occupied in prayer; and there was nothing to which they paid so great attention.

Therefore, my dearest Brethren, let us always pray to Jesus Christ, and to our Mother, Mary, that God in His mercy may grant to us all the gift of perseverance. I beg each one of you to recommend me especially to Jesus Christ, that I may have a good death.

Once more I bless all of you and each one in particular.

Brother Alphonsus Mary



CATHOLIC AUTHORS

Elizabeth Laura Adams 1909-

I. Life:

Elizabeth Adams was born of cultured colored parents on February 9th, 1909, in Santa Barbara, California. Her mother, Lulu Holden, was a gifted young painter who gave up plans for further study in order to marry Dainel Henderson Adams. Mr. Adams was a man of deep culture who among other things designed the house in which Elizabeth was born. Her parents never allowed their deep love for their child to make them overlook the absolute need for discipline in education. Mrs. Adams was a devout Methodist while Mr. Adams was not a church-goer. Miss Adams attended schools in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara. Her first contact with the Catholic Church was at a Good Friday Service in the old Mission at Santa Barbara. Her father, a Mason, told her never to mention again her desire to enter the Catholic Church. When Elizabeth was 15 her father died suddenly. As a graduation present her mother gave her permission to be baptized, and so she became a Catholic in 1929. During the depression Miss Adams was forced to work at any task that was available. She now lives with her mother in Los Angeles where she holds a government secretarial position.

II. Writings:

Miss Adams' first interest lay in a career as a concert violinist. But ill health and the necessity of supporting her mother forced her to abandon this plan. She has also studied drama under private tutors. It was during a period of illness that her mother suggested that she begin to write. A magazine was offering prizes for short stories. Though still only in high school she won a prize in the contest. This encouraged her

to continue her writing. She has poems and prose works published in the *Torch*, the organ of the Blessed Martin De Porres league. The national poetry magazine, *Westward*, has also accepted several of her poems. The only book that she has written is her autobiography, *Dark Symphony*. Miss Adams' ambition is to devote her talent to writing plays about Negro life.

III. The Book:

Most people with white skins do not understand all the tragic elements that go to make the *Dark Symphony* of a colored person's life. All too often, the colored person is one to be abused, or at best ignored. Miss Adams shows the influence of race prejudice among fellow Americans. Her soul shrank in terror the first time some one hurled the word, "Nigger" at her. Her parents taught her that she must forgive and even pray for those who illtreated her because her skin was black. Even in the Churches that profess to follow Christ was the negro the object of discrimination. The interest in the Catholic Church that was first manifested at the old Mission Church was continued by the chance reading of one of Father Finn's books. She sought advice in the secrecy of the confessional. Finally her mother permitted her to become a Catholic. She has been very happy since her reception. For a time she considered entering the religious life, but decided on a literary career in order to provide for her mother. Even now in the Church she is afraid that she will be passed by every time she goes to receive Communion. A complacent Catholic will learn much about the all embracing character of the Mystical Body of Christ by reading *Dark Symphony*.

August Book Reviews

Patroness of First Communicants

Mary Fabyan Windeatt tells the story of *Little Sister* (Grail, 94 pp., \$1.00) in her latest book for children. Blessed Imelda was born in Italy in the twelfth century. Her parents were very rich and powerful. All during her childhood she wanted to receive Holy Communion. But the law of the Church at that time demanded that a child reach the age of fourteen before being allowed to receive Christ in Communion. On her fifth birthday she asked as a special present the permission to make her first Communion. When she was nine years old she entered a convent of Dominican Sisters. During her life in the convent she longed continually to receive her Lord. One day Our Lord worked a miracle so that she would be able to be united with Him in Communion. Only a few minutes after Christ had come to her she died of sheer joy. Mary Fabyan Windeatt has added another little classic to the list of her series of lives of the Saints written for children. She writes, in language that a child can understand, about the heroes of the Lord.

PAMPHLETS

Short Stories

The Grail has issued another series of short stories by Quentin Morrow Phillip. *Q. M. P. Stories* (95 pp., 25 cents) is number four of the projected series of five. Like the previous numbers the stories have a wide appeal. *Evening Star* tells the tragedy of the blinded war veteran and his wife. *Somebody Else* narrates the sorrow that was sent into somebody else's life. *Rachel* is a cultured colored girl who determines to spend her life for the ignorant members of her race. *The Seven Sons of Mulligan* is a short novel of thirty pages. Mr. Phillip writes very well. The Catholic Faith is the philosophy apparent in every thing he writes. He is one of the few moderns who can write of Catholic themes and not turn out the saccharine "literature of the sacracity."

The Eucharist

The Eucharist, the Life of the Church (Liturgical Press, Collegeville, 46 pp., 25 cents) by Rev. Bede Lebbe, O.S.B., is a com-

prehensive outline of the doctrine and devotion of the Eucharist. The ascetical conclusions are solidly grounded on dogma. The treatment is original and penetrating. Father Bede discusses the Eucharist in general, and the Eucharist in our lives. He disagrees with some popular modes of expression about the Sacrament of the Eucharist. This booklet will repay prolonged study and prayer. Perhaps only trained theologians will appreciate the depths found in *The Eucharist, the Life of the Church*.

National Liturgical Week

Some time ago the proceedings of *The National Liturgical Week* (Chicago, 182 pp., \$1.50) were issued from the national headquarters in Chicago. Archbishop Stritch in his address of welcome stressed some very important points. He congratulated the members on the progress that has been made and then made some suggestions. The Archbishop mentions that the theoretical foundations for the movement have been well laid and that now is the time to bring the liturgy into the daily life of the individual. He warns against the tendency to overstress "fads" and to neglect the rubrics themselves because of too great a preoccupation with the liturgy. The addresses were centered around the theme of Sacrifice. The first part contains talks on the meaning of Sacrifice in general. The next section shows how to bring the spirit of Sacrifice into the life of the individual in the rural or city parish. The last part considers Sacrifice in relation to rural, racial and labor problems. A special address is reserved for the spirit of Sacrifice and world peace. National Liturgical Week called together some of the more prominent men interested in the Liturgical movement. The articles will be of great value for those who desire knowledge of the progress of the Liturgy in the United States. The open discussions of the papers read bring out some new viewpoints.

The Rosary

Bring Your Rosary to Life (Guild, 48 pp., 15 cents) outlines aids for the devout recitation of the Rosary by Rev. Paul R. Milde. Reflections make each mystery come to life. Recommended.



Lucid Intervals

The wife had been put on a budget plan. At the end of each month, her husband and she would go over the accounts together. Every once in a while he would find an item such as: "H.O.K., 3 dollars," and a little further on, "H.O.K., 6 dollars." Finally, he said: "My dear, what is this H.O.K.?"

Came the surprising answer: "Heaven only knows."

✂

A man rushed into a corner drugstore and demanded a quick cure for a serious case of hiccoughs. The druggist promptly picked up a bottle and cracked it over the man's head. Down he went with a groan. "What did you do that for?" he moaned.

The druggist smiled proudly. "You haven't got your hiccoughs any more, have you?" he gloated.

"It wasn't for me," gasped the man. "I needed it for my wife. She is sitting in the car outside."

✂

A farmer paying his first visit to the seashore, asked a boatman if he could buy some of the water to take home to show to his wife.

The boatman assented and charged the farmer a quarter.

A few hours later the visitor returned to the shore. By now the tide had gone out, and the man gazed open-mouthed.

"By cracky, mister," he said, "You've done a good business today."

✂

In a railroad station, a soldier thought to have some fun with a Salvation Army lassie on duty there. He asked her to pray for him.

To his surprise, she placed a hand on his head and in a voice plainly heard by his comrades said: "O, Lord, make this man's heart as soft as his head."

✂

"Why did you leave your last job?"

"Illness."

"What sort of illness?"

"My boss said he got sick of me."

The question in the physiology examination read: "How may one obtain a good posture?"

The country boy wrote: "Keep the cows off it and let it grow up awhile."

✂

Which calls to mind how the sepia-tinted GI explained the mysteries of ju-jitsu to a querying pal. "Dis yere judo as day calls it, is de jap form of a stab in de back applied to wrestlin'. De idea is dat when you extends de hands of friendship to de enemy, while you is shakin' hands, you sprains his ankle so he can't run while you break his back."

✂

A sentimental lady on a tour of the Oregon State campus stopped before a gigantic tree. "O wonderful elm," she said, "if you could only speak, what would you say to me?"

The senior forester accompanying her suggested, "It would probably say, 'Pardon me, but I'm an oak.'"

✂

On the morning of a World Series game, an office boy braced his boss and started, "Sir, my grandmother . . ."

The boss caught him short. "Oh, come now, son, you don't think you are going to get away with that old chestnut about your grandmother having died."

"Oh, no," was the reply. "She's home on furlough."

✂

The traffic manager appeared in his office with seven or eight pieces of plaster pasted on his countenance. "I was getting a shave today," he explained, "and a fellow from the barber school took his final examination on my face. Boy, did he flunk!"

✂

"Have you been to the circus, Sam?"

"Shuah, Missy, ah wuz dar de odder day. An' ah saw a leopard change his spots."

"Don't be ridiculous. Leopards can't change spots."

"Dis one did—he done got tired in one spot an' changed to annudder."

PROBLEM PAMPHLETS
JEWS AND YOU
TO BE OR NOT TO BE A JEW

To understand something about the many questions that are raised about Jews today, you should read either or both of these pamphlets, written by a convert Jew who is now a Catholic priest, Rev. Arthur Klyber, C.Ss.R. They are 10 cents each, \$7.00 a hundred.

Order From
The Liguorian Pamphlet Office

IN PRAISE OF MARY

A book of striking quotations, arranged for every day of the year, from the Fathers and Saints of the Church, in Praise of the Mother of God. By Rev. B. Lenz, C.Ss.R. Price, \$1.25.

Order From
The Liguorian Pamphlet Office

Motion Picture Guide

THE PLEDGE: *I condemn indecent and immoral motion pictures, and those which glorify crime and criminals. I promise to do all that I can to strengthen public opinion and to unite with all who protest against them. I acknowledge my obligation to form a right conscience about pictures that are dangerous to my moral life. As a member of the Legion of Decency, I pledge myself to remain away from them. I promise, further, to stay away altogether from places of amusement which show them as a matter of policy.*

The following films have been rated as unobjectionable by the board of reviewers:

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR GENERAL PATRONAGE

Reviewed This Week

Nob Hill
Rustlers of the Badlands
A Thousand and One Nights
You Came Along
White Pongo

Previously Reviewed

Along Came Jones
Arson Squad
The Bells of Rosarita
Beyond the Pecos
Boston Blackie Booked on Suspicion
Boston Blackie's Rendezvous
Both Barrels Blazing
Captain Tugboat Annie
The Cisco Kid Returns
Colorado Pioneers
Corpus Christi Bandits
Docks of New York
The Enchanted Cottage
Enemy of the Law
Escape in the Fog
Fashion Model
Gangs of the Waterfront
Hollywood and Vine
House of Fear
Identity Unknown
I'll Tell the World
Junior Miss
The Keys of the Kingdom
The Lone Texas Ranger
The Magnificent Rogue
Mr. Muggs Rides Again
Oregon Trail
Patrick the Great
Renegades of the Rio Grande
The Return of the Durango Kid
Rhythm Round-Up
Road to Alcatraz
Rockin' in the Rockies
Rough Ridin' Justice
Scared Stiff
The Scarlet Clue
Scotland Yard Investigator
See My Lawyer
The Silver Fleet (British)
Sing Your Way Home
Son of Lassie

Stranger from Santa Fe
Tarzan and the Amazons
Texas Manhunt
They Met in the Dark
They Shall Have Faith
Three in the Saddle
Thunderhead
Trail of Kit Carson
The Unseen
Utah
West of the Pecos
The Woman in Green

UNOBJECTIONABLE FOR ADULTS

Reviewed This Week

A Bell for Adano
The Great John L.

Previously Reviewed

An Angel from Brooklyn
Back to Bataan
The Beautiful Cheat
Bedside Manner
Behind City Lights
Betrayal from the East
Bewitched
Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe
Blonde from Brooklyn
Blonde Ransom
Blood on the Sun
Brewster's Millions
Brighton Strangler
Bring on the Girls
Chicago Kid
China Sky
China's Little Devils
Christmas in Connecticut
Circumstantial Evidence
Cisco Kid in Old New Mexico
The Clock
Colonel Blimp
Conflict
Counter-Attack
Crime, Inc.
Dangerous Passage
Dillinger
Double Exposure
Earl Carroll Vanities
Escape in the Desert
Eve Knew Her Apples
The Fighting Guardsman
Flame of Barbary Coast
Flame of the West
Frisco Sal
Gentle Annie
Girls of the Big House
God Is My Co-Pilot
A Guy, a Pal, a Gal
High Powered
Honeymoon Ahead
The Horn Blows at Midnight
Hotel Berlin
I'll Be Seeing You
I'll Remember April
Isle of the Dead
It's a Pleasure
It's in the Bag
Johnny Angel
Lost in a Harem
Mama Loves Papa
Marshal of Laredo
A Medal for Benny
The Missing Corpse
Molly and Me
Murder, He Says
Naughty Nineties
One Exciting Night
Out of This World
Pan-Americana
Penthouse Rhythm
The Picture of Dorian Gray
Power of the Whistler
Practically Yours
The Randolph Family
Rhapsody in Blue
Rough, Tough and Ready
Song of Mexico
A Song to Remember
The Southerner
Steppin' in Society
Strange Illusion
Sudan
Swingin' on a Rainbow
Swing Out, Sister
Ten Cents a Dance
That's the Spirit
They Came to a City (British)
Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo
Those Endearing Young Charms
Three's a Crowd
Thrill of a Romance
A Tree Grows in Brooklyn
Trouble Chasers
Twice Blessed
Two O'Clock Courage
Valley of Decision
The Way Ahead (British)
Weekend at the Waldorf
What a Blonde
Where Do We Go from Here?
Why Girls Leave Home
Wonder Man
Youth Affair
Youth on Trial
Zombies on Broadway